

THE
S O P H A:
A
MORAL TALE.

Translated from the *French* ORIGINAL
of Monsieur CREBILLON.

V O L. II



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STOP H A

MORAL TALE

Translated from the French Original
of M. de la Fayette

VOLUME



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SOPHIA:
A
MORAL TALE.

PART II.

CHAP. XII.

Much the same as the For going.

TH O' the disagreeable Adventure that had happened to *Zulica*, gave her a great deal of Mortification, it did not deprive her of that Presence of Mind which was necessary in so vexatious an Accident. — She congratulated *Mazulhim*, and if she seemed
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to have any thing to complain of ; it was on a quite different Score than that which had filled her with so much Resentment ; and for the sake of her own Reputation, scrupled not to do him an honour, which 'tis certain he was far from deserving.

I knew not whether it was with an Intention to mortify her yet more, or that contrary to his Custom, he was willing to do himself justice ; but to whichsoever of these Motives it was, he wou'd not believe a Word she said.——There are, cry'd he, with an affected Tone, some very unhappy Days.——Days, that if one cou'd foresee, one wou'd die rather than wait for.

Zulica agreed, that in effect there were some, whose Beginnings promised little Happiness, yet at the End, afforded more to rejoice at, than lament. I protest to you, said she, looking on him with a Tendernefs which was far distant from her Heart, that I have a thousand times imagin'd, that all the fine Things you have said on my Beauty were not sincere ; or that those Charms you seem'd to admire most in me, were effaced by some Defects, which not expecting to have found in me, were the more shocking : but you have now made all those Apprehensions vanish ; and I am perfectly convinced I am as happy as I cou'd have wish'd.

Ah,

Ah, *Zulica*! cry'd the unmerciful *Mazulhim*, your Fears have been but too well grounded!——I am sensible of what I owe to your Favours, but they have not blinded me; and the more generous I find you, the more you encrease my Remorse. But what Extravagance is this, reply'd she, carry it no farther, I beseech you; 'tis a Notion altogether chimerical.—Nothing can be more unjust.

In speaking these Words, she walked slowly about the Chamber, endeavouring with all her might, to conceal the secret Discontent that reigned in her Mind. Both of them were indeed sufficiently perplex'd; without Love, without Desires, without even Esteem for one another, condemned by their mutual Imprudence, and the Appointment they had made to pass together in that private Recess, the Remainder of a Day which seem'd to promise Satisfaction to neither of them. *Zulica* made many Reflections on the Falsity of Characters, and that which gave her most Disquiet was (for I saw into her Soul) the Impossibility there appear'd of being reveng'd on *Mazulhim*. If I should report what has passed between us, said she to herself, who will believe me? Or, if I should find Credit, there is so general a Prepossession in his Favour, that the Blame would fall wholly

upon me——Whatever I say, it will be impossible for me to give Satisfaction to all the World.

While she was taken up with these disturb'd Meditations, *Mazulhim* seemed intirely free from thought, quite indolent, and walked about the Room with a careless and neglectful Air, sometimes humming a Tune, and at others looking on her with an unmeaning Smile.

You are very grave, said he to her at last, and seem bury'd in Thought! Do you wonder I should be so, answer'd she, with a prudish Tone? Can you imagine, that to be with a Man, as I am with you, is not a Thing very extraordinary in a Woman of Reputation? No, reply'd he, coldly; I believe the Women of Reputation are very much accusom'd to such kind of Rendezvous. It seems however, said she, that you are ignorant of the Pains it costs them; and what severe Combats they must suffer in themselves before they can be brought to consent. What you say on that Score is probable enough, answer'd he, by the Haste you make, and the Manner in which you abridge those interior Conflicts, one may imagine indeed, they are cruelly fatiguing.

O how ungenerous is such an Interpretation of our Tenderness! cry'd she.—

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Can you imagine, that to talk in this manner, is any Proof of your Wit?—Don't you know, that such kind of common-place Raillery is rather the Discourse of a Coxcomb, or a Fop? I believe it not the less for that, reply'd he, yet you would be convinced of the Falsity of it, resum'd she, if you knew with how great a Reluctance my Virtue yield'd to my Love, and what Struggles I endur'd before I consented to this Meeting. What! cry'd he, sure you have been in a Dream—this would be an Affront to me. I flattered myself with quite other Things; and I should be sorry to find I was deceived in what gave me so much Satisfaction, without your loosing any thing in my Esteem.—But, continued he maliciously, do me the Favour to tell me, if *Zadis* too cost you all these Pains and Conflicts you speak of? What do you mean? said she coldly; what of that *Zadis*? Oh! I ask your Pardon, reply'd he, with a raillying Accent, I could have sworn you had known him.

Yes; said she, I have seen him—I know him in common with the rest of the World. I believe, resum'd *Mazulbin*, as little known as he is to you, he would be very much disquieted to be told you are here;—I am strangely deceived if the Favours

you are so good as to allow me, would not give him a good deal of Pain.—Be free, continued he, shrugging up his Shoulders, I hate Constraint and Diffimulation.—*Zadis* pleas'd you before I had the Happiness of pleasing you; and I am very well assur'd you have been actually together.

Was ever the like heard! cry'd she; indeed, *Mazulhim*, this Raillery is insipid, and nothing in it agreeable. At least, continued he, not regarding what she said, if you are unfaithful to him, he is still more happy than he deserves: a Man, such as *Zadis*, is little made to be beloved; and I have always been surpris'd, that a Lady of so much Sprightliness and Gaiety, should make choice of a Lover who seems neither to have any Warmth of Inclination, nor Words to express it. You deceive yourself, *Mazulhim*, reply'd she resolutely, *Zadis* is all that's tender;—I have sacrificed him to you, it would be needless to tell you to the contrary; but I very much fear you will soon give me reason to repent it.

You have been fickle, said he, and I confess I have been unconstant; but the less we have hitherto been capable of a serious Attachment, the greater will be our mutual Glory to fix at last on each other.

With

With these Words he led her towards me, but with an Air, which visibly denoted meer Gallantry alone, was the Director of his Motions. It must be own'd you are very handsome, said he; and if it were not for that too great Reservedness, which even with me you cannot wholly quit, I know no Woman could more compleat a Lover's Happiness.

I am naturally reserv'd, indeed, answer'd she; but nevertheless, you, methinks, have little Reason to reproach me with it. You make me happy without doubt, resum'd he; but without Desires yourself, you give not a sufficient Loose to those you inspire——I see a Constraint in all you do for me——You fear to yield too far—— You abandon not yourself to those Transports which the Affair between us demands; and in fine, I am apt to suspect you are but little sensible of them.

While *Mazulhim* spoke in this manner to *Zulica*, he held one of her Hands between his, with an Air the most passionate he could assume——tho' the Excess of your Charms, said he, has already had a strange Effect upon me; I cannot refuse myself the Pleasure of admiring them again——tho' I were even to perish, all these Beauties must not long be hid from me.——Gods! cry'd he, in a

kind of Rapture, make me, if it be possible, worthy of my good Fortune.

Whatever had been said of the Insensibility of *Zulica*, the Admiration of her that *Mazulhim* now express'd—the Eagerness of his Transports, and the Endeavours he had made, to oblige her to share in them, gave her some Emotions, and her Eyes sparkled with an uncounterfeited Pleasure. She testify'd her Gratitude by a thousand endearing Marks; yet, still remembering the little Dependence she had on him, and apprehending the Consequence of that wild and tumultuous Extasy he was now in—Ah! *Mazulhim!* cry'd she, take care you do not over-love me! He made no Reply to these Words, but could not forbear smiling at the Terrors she testify'd, as indeed he had reason; for she soon found how small Foundation there was for them, and that she was much less lov'd than she fear'd to be.

Their mutual Happiness having now banish'd that Constraint and Uneasiness, which for some time had been between them, their Conversation became very sprightly. *Zulica* believing she had delivered *Mazulhim* from the Hands of the Enchanters, applauded the Effect of her Charms, and *Mazulhim* more content with himself, seem'd also perfectly gay.

While

While this good Humour continued, Supper was served up to Table: they sat down with that easy Freedom, which is the Life of Conversation, and being, perhaps, two of the most censorious, mischievous Persons in all *Agra*, they began to divert themselves at the Expence of all those who were so unfortunate to come under their Consideration.

Can you tell me, said *Mazulbim*, what extraordinary Adventure has happened to *Allan-Can*, that for these few Days past has made him assume such an Air of Importance?

O Heaven! reply'd *Zulica*, without doubt I know it all: but is it possible that you can be ignorant, that he has commenc'd an Affair of Pleasure with *Aiscba*?—With *Aiscba*! cry'd *Mazulbim*; to have an Affair with her, methinks should rather be a Matter of Humiliation, than of Glory to him.

To another questionless it would be so, answer'd *Zulica*; but when you reflect on what a sort of Man he is, you cannot but think she does him too much Honour.

No, I protest, said *Mazulbim*; how ridiculous soever *Allan-Can* may be, I can't however forbear pitying his Misfortune—to be known for the Lover of *Aiscba*, is to be, without Contradiction, the most miserable Man on Earth.

But that, resum'd she, which to me seems most singular in this Amour between them is, that she would fain make it a Secret. No, no, answer'd he, tis only you that would give it that Turn: *Aiscba* never attempted to conceal her Lovers; and I dare swear, that at the Age she now is, and the fat and disagreeable Figure she now makes, she would be less dispos'd then ever to do it.—Nothing is more certain than what I tell you, continu'd he; and if it be as you say, a Secret, it must be *Altan-Can*, who, for very good Reasons, desires it should be kept so.

After this, and well, said *Mazulbim*, what is become of the little *Mesem*? I think she does not visit you of late? No, reply'd *Zulica*, with a haughty prudish Air, it is because I do not permit her to come to my House: her Conduct is become strangely irregular, and such as I cannot approve, or think proper to countenance. You are very much in the right, reply'd he, with a malicious Sneer; nothing is of more consequence to a Woman of Reputation, than to keep good Company. But I think, continued he, that she is grown much more handsome than she was——all her Charms seem embellish'd, and her Air become perfectly enchanting. O quite contrary, cry'd *Zulica*, with some Emotion, she is altered indeed, but very much

much for the worse.—She was never possess'd of much Beauty, but is now grown hideous—
—forbidding—shocking—

I can't be of your Opinion, said *Mazul-bin*, interrupting her ——— she has indeed a certain Paleness, inclined to yellowish, and a Faintness in her Motions; but that serves only to render her more delicate; and if the ill State of Health she has been in for some time continues much longer, she will be a most charming Creature.

I should never have done, said *Amanzei*, interrupting himself, if I should repeat to your most august Majesty all the Discourse they had together. ——— Ah! I comprehend it well enough, reply'd the *Sultan*, and I give you leave to make what Abridgments you please; nevertheless, when I am in a thoughtful Humour, you may tell it me. I dare not promise your Majesty, resumed *Amanzei*, that what I have to say will be sufficiently interesting for ——— I believe so too, cry'd the *Sultan* hastily.— I believe, it would not be very interesting indeed; but wherefore (for I have wonder'd at it a thousand times) wherefore in a History, or in a Tale, call it which you will, is not every thing interesting? For very good Reasons, answered the *Sultaneſs*, those Incidents, which are only introduced to
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l ring on a Catastrophe, for example, ought not to be so affecting as the Catastrophe itself: did every thing equally move the Passions, they would by degrees lose all their Force, and we should cease to be moved at all; because the Mind cannot be always attentive — the Heart cannot support continual Agitation; and both the one and the other require some time for Relaxation.

O! I understand you, said the *Sultan*, one must sometimes be made dull, in order to be the better diverted. — People of a certain Judgment, and that think after a certain Fashion, easily see into every thing; — but go on, *Amanzei*.

Mazulbim, resumed the new Emir, less touched after Supper with the Charms of *Zulica*, than he had been the whole Day, among a thousand Subjects she had offered for his Amusement, seemed not to think any one of them agreeable, incessantly contradicted whatever she said, and that Lady prepared herself to take her leave of him, with an Air, that made me doubt if she would ever return.

However, in spite of her ill Humour, and the Manner in which *Mazulbim* had treated her, he had the Assurance to ask her when she would come again; and added, with Eagerness, that he expected she would

not

not be two Days before she repeated her Visit; tho', in that moment, she had little Inclination, I believe, to grant what he appeared to desire with so much Ardor; yet she promised him to be there the Day succeeding the next; but what she said on this Score, seem'd so cold and constrained, that I was far from imagining she would keep her word.

In this instant I reflected, that after the Departure of *Mazulbim*, I should have a very melancholly Time to continue in his *Sopha*, and that it would be sufficient for me to return when he came there himself; whereas if I accompanied *Zulica* to her Palace, I might perhaps, from what I had already seen of the Woman, find somewhat there, which might both instruct and amuse me, I resolved to follow my Inclination, and accordingly went with her into her Chair. As soon as I was got into her Apartment, I was by the Attraction inspired into me by *Broma* in the first *Sopha* that presented itself, it happened to be in the Dressing-room of *Zulica*; and the next Morning as she was at her Toilet, Word was brought, that *Zadis* was come to wait on her. She ordered he should attend some time in the Anti-chamber, not being willing he should see her, till her Beauty had received all those Illustrations,

tions she usually appeared in, and which were all indeed that was in the Power of Art to bestow.

It was, however, what she call'd being only *Decent* ; and if I were to describe the Disorder she was in, and some other Irregularities about her Person, this last Reason would not be found so imaginary, as it might appear to those who saw her not on her first quitting her Bed.

Zadis was at last admitted ; if I had not heard his Name, I should have known him by the Picture *Mazulkin* had drawn of him the Night before. He had a composed serious Countenance, a Reservedness in his Behaviour, and all the Marks of a Person that treated Love with that Dignity of Sentiments and scrupulous Delicacy, which are at present so much out of fashion, and which perhaps were always more troublesome than agreeable.

He approached *Zulica* with all the Timidity of a Man, who had yet never presumed to declare his Passion ; and she, on her part, received him with a ceremonious Politeness, and an Air of Prudery, which I never saw assumed but to deceive.

While *Zulica's* Women were present, they only talked of things indifferent : the Topicks of their Conversation were public News,

News, Fashions in Dress, the Weather, and such frivolous Matters. *Zadis*, who believed himself the only Person beloved by *Zulica*, and that it was his Duty to behave in such a manner, as should not give the least Suspicion of their private Familiarity, scarce permitted himself to lift his Eyes up to her Face; and *Zulica* having found him weak enough to esteem her, and to look on her as a Woman of the utmost Sincerity, Honour, and Tenderneſs, took care to confirm him in that Opinion, by all the Arts of Hypocriſy. She repaid the diſtant reſpects he treated her with in the moſt obliging, yet at the ſame time, reſerved Manner; and if, before her Women, ſhe ſometimes favoured him with a ſtolen Glance, ſhe preſently withdrew her Eyes, as fearful of being obſerved.

Zadis, in this Morning's Viſit, was extremely grave, and *Zulica* imagining ſhe ſaw ſomething in him that denoted a more than ordinary Diſquiet, asked him ſeveral times the Occaſion of it; but to all the Queſtions ſhe put to him on that Score, he only answered with profound Bows, accompanied with Sighs yet more profound.

As ſoon as ſome little Ornaments of Dress were put on, which at the Entrance of *Zadis* were uncompleted, the Women of
Zulica

Zulica retired; and when they were alone, Well, *Zadis*, said she, with an Air of Authority, I insist on being made acquainted with the Motive of that secret Discontent, which, in spite of all your Endeavours to restrain it, I see but too plainly in your Eyes.—Can you believe I interest myself so little in what regards you, as not to be extremely troubled when I see you so—and after the Proofs I have given you of my Tenderneſs, ought not I to reſent being kept in Ignorance of any Affairs that concern your Peace ——— in a word, I muſt be acquainted with all that paſſes in your Soul, and will never forgive my being reſuſed a Share.

Perhaps, Madam, answered he, my Trouble is of a Nature, that, if known, would the more offend you. — I am indeed agitated to a degree impoſſible to be concealed from Eyes ſo penetrating as yours; yet of what Advantage would it be to make a Conſidant of one, who would rather condemn than pity my Miſfortune.

Zulica appeared aſtoniſhed at theſe Words, but reſolving to have her Curioſity ſatiſfied, preſſed him in ſuch a manner, that he found he could not, without incurring her ever-laſting Diſpleaſure, be any longer ſilent on this Occaſion. Well then, Madam, ſaid he, with a faltering Voice, you muſt be obey'd.

bey'd.—— I will no longer hide from you the Boldness and the Folly my Extremity of Passion forces me to be guilty of—— I am jealous.—

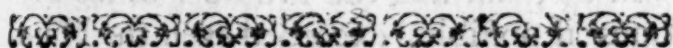
Jealous, cry'd *Zulica*, more amazed than before, and of me? —— Is it me you love? and can you be jealous after receiving so many Confirmations that I can love none but you? —— Ah! Madam, reply'd he, looking on her with Eyes in which Love and Grief were painted, overwhelm me not with your just Displeasure.—— I am sensible how ridiculous my Disquiets make me—I know I do wrong both to you and myself—I blush to think how unjust I am—— my Mind disapproves the Emotions of my Heart, and protests against the wild Chimera, yet have I not the power to chace it thence; and not all the Respect I bear you, not all the Esteem which is so much your Due, can hinder me from becoming my own Tormentor; nor is even the Shame I find in myself for entertaining such Suspitions of any Service to suppress them.

Hear me, *Zadis*, said *Zulica* with a majestic Air, and always retain the Memory of what I now say to you. — I love you—— I blush not to repeat it; and I am going to give you a Proof how dear you are to me, which ought to leave you nothing henceforward

ward to complain of. — It is *Zadis* that I pardon your unjust Suspicions — I might remind you of the Difficulty you found, all amiable as you are, in gaining me. — I might bid you reflect on the Manner in which I live, and ask yourself, if any thing in my Conduct could give room for Doubt. — I might tell you, that my Character ought to inspire in you a perfect Confidence. — I might even despise, and at the same time resent, such groundless Fears. — I might, I say, nay I ought to do all this; but my Heart is too much on your side, and I rather choose by gentle Means to bring you back to Reason. — What think you, *Zadis*, continued she, looking more tenderly on him, must not that Love be great, which makes me thus descend to Explanations?

Ah! Madam, cry'd *Zadis*, throwing himself at her Feet, I believe you love me, and I should die with Grief, if I could think that even my Suspicions, which so much torment me, would pass with you for want of Respect. No, *Zadis*, answered she with a Smile, I neither doubt of your Respect, nor Love. But let me know, what has occasioned your Inquietude? No matter, Madam, said he, it is now no more. — You have been so divinely good to chase
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the Fury from my Breast, to return, I hope no more. Yet I will be told it, resumed she fondly. Well then, Madam, said he, the Affiduities that *Mazulbim* of late has paid you. ——— What! interrupted she, *Mazulbim*! Is it of him you have been jealous? Ah! *Zadis*, are you endowed by *Brama* with the Perfections you are, to fear a Rival such as *Mazulbim*? ——— Can you have so mean an Opinion of my Judgment, as once to think I could be pleased with such a Man? ——— *Zadis* — *Zadis* — Can I ——— ought I, to forgive you?



CHAP. XIII.

Ends one Adventure, and begins another.

THE Eyes of *Zulica*, in speaking these Words, let fall some Tears, and *Zadis*, who could have sworn they had been sincere, could not keep himself from sympathizing in the tender Grief she express'd. Yes, most excellent of Women cry'd he, I have injured you, and I know not if even the Violence of the Passion, that occasion'd it, may plead any Excuse. Ah, cruel! answered she, with a Voice interrupted with Sobbs, be jealous if you will.

—— Aban-

——— Abandon yourself to all your Frenzy. ——— I consent to it; but if you know me so little, as not to confide in my Affection, at least suspect me not of being capable of loving *Mazulhim*.

I do not think you love him, reply'd he, nor ever once imagined you could be pleased with his Addresses; but yet I could not without Grief see him so often here. He is notwithstanding, said she, of all you see here the least dangerous. When I had not received your Addresses ——— when my Heart was unprepossessed, had *Mazulhim* adored me, and had the Number of his Perfections if possible, exceeded even the Number of his Vices, he would have been the last of Men in my Esteem. ——— How can you think a Woman (I will not say of Reputation) but even one not lost to all Sense of Shame, could listen to the Addresses of a Wretch like *Mazulhim*? ——— A Man who never knew what it was to love ——— a Man who publickly declares he is incapable of the tender Passion ——— a Man who looks on all Delicacy as romantick; and who, in fine, is sensible of no Pleasure, but that of exposing those Women who are weak and ill-judging enough to give Credit to his Pretences. ——— I pass by his other ill Qualities ——— his Fopperies ——— his Impertinences,

tinences, tho' I could find enough to ridicule; but, in truth, I blush to talk so long on so worthless a Subject. As to the rest, tho' I find your Suspicions no less injurious than ill-placed, since you have confessed them to me, I will give you the Satisfaction to assure you, that I will break off all Acquaintance with *Mazulbim*, as soon as I can find an Opportunity to do it, without occasioning Matter of Discourse.

Zadis kissed her Hand with the utmost Transport, and acknowledged the Goodness she shewed to him in Terms both sincere and grateful.— For what do you thank me, said she, I have made you no Sacrifice in promising you henceforward to avoid the Conversation of a Man, who was always my Aversion, I oblige myself as much as you. But, Madam, resumed he, is it possible, that *Mazulbim* has never declared to you that he admired you?— O the wild Notion! answered she laughing, no, I assure you.— *Mazulbim* knows me better than you do; and, rash and unthinking as he is, he is not however so mad as to presume to prate in that fashion to Women of a certain Kind, nevertheless, if he should ever have the Vanity to say, in publick Company, that he either was, or had been in good Terms with me,

me, a Person of your Disposition would readily enough believe him.

No, Madam, answered he, I have had the Folly to fear sometimes, but I swear to you, I had never that of believing. I won't take your Oath, resumed she gaily, for in the Humour you are at present, I am certain it would be a Pleasure to you to hear something said of me, that would give you an Opportunity to come and reproach me; and by that means the first Coxcomb that knew your Character, would have it in his power to give you Disquiet.

Spare me, Madam, cry'd he, spare me for the Love of *Brama*, and remember, that how guilty soever my Jealousy has made me, you have had the Goodness to pardon me. But I have my Fears too, said she, I fear this will not be the last time you will stand in need of Forgiveness, and that to make you relapse into your Suspicions, there requires no more than to see *Mazulbim* come into my House.

Let us talk no more of him: resum'd *Zadis*, and as you cannot but be convinced, that my Injustice sprung only from an Excess of Love, suffer not the precious Moments of our being alone to be trifled away, but confirm the Pardon you have vouchsafed to give me.

At these Words, the Meaning of which *Zulica* very well comprehended, she assum'd a kind of perplex'd Air ; why, said she, will you permit your Desires to triumph so much over you ?——Must I be for ever sacrificing to you ?——If you knew how much I should love you if you were more moderate.——'Tis true, added she, seeing him smile ; you would be a thousand times more dear to me, at least, I think so ;——but you Men are so violent——so robust——one dare not give a Loose to one's Tenderness for fear of——

While she was speaking thus heroically, she suffered herself to be conducted languishing towards me. Well, *Zadis*, said she, as soon as she was seated upon me, I protest I never more will quarrel with you. I should wish, reply'd he, but dare not hope so great a Happiness. If you consider how much a Reconciliation costs me, cry'd she, you will easily believe me.

Notwithstanding all the Reluctance she testify'd, she at last resign'd herself to the Ardor of her Lover ; but with such Decency, such Modesty, such Majesty, such a Shew of Contempt for the Pleasures she bestow'd, as perhaps was never known in the like Case. Any other than *Zadis* would doubtless have complain'd of the little Satisfaction

faction she seem'd to take in his Embraces; but he was in reality too much a Lover not to be charm'd with even the very Follies of his Mistress, and thinking himself the happiest Man in the World to have triumph'd over so severe a Virtue, to make himself more agreeable to her, imitated as well as he could, that Air of Dignity she assum'd even in those Moments when it could be least expected, or was least conformable; and in order to increase her Love, endeavour'd as much as possible to restrain his own.

I will not pretend to say however what pass'd in the Mind of *Zulica* after this; but she propos'd to *Zadis* to pass the whole Day with her, and that it should not be known he was there, as well as to prevent any Interruption while they were together, gave Orders, that whoever came should be told she was gone abroad. *Zadis*, whose late Jealousy, as it is ordinary with Lovers, had rendered him more amorous than ever, thought he could never enough acknowledge the Goodness of *Zulica*; and tho' he was naturally, as *Mazulbim* had said of him, no great Talker, his Volubility on this Occasion shew'd the Abundance of his Gratitude, his Love, and his Esteem. The Night was half past over before he took his Leave: nothing could be more endearing than their Behaviour

to each other at parting; and *Zadis* went away persuaded within himself, that there was not a Woman in *Agra*, more tender, or more delicate than *Zulica*.

I have already told your august Majesty, continued *Amanzei*, that I did not believe, by the manner in which *Zulica* had quitted *Mazulbim*, and much more by what I discovered of her Way of thinking, that she would have continued a Conversation so little agreeable to a Woman of her Character, and to which neither Love, Pleasure, nor Interest had any Share in exciting. Curiosity, however, prevailed above all other Motives, and the Appointment she had made him run in her Head. She had told *Zadis* on his going away, that a very important Affair would deprive her of the Pleasure of seeing him next Day; and the Evening prefixed for her going to the little House of *Mazulbim* being arrived, she went into her Chair, and my Spirit accompanied her, not a little impatient to see what kind of meeting there would be between two Persons, who had separated in the fashion they had done.

A Slave, who belonged to *Mazulbim*, and was the Person who constantly attended on him, and whatever Ladies were the Partakers of his Pleasures in this Retirement

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opened

opened the Door; and conducted her into the Cabinet, where she had been before, and where my Soul took its place again in the *Sopha*.

What, cry'd she, perceiving no body was there, is not your Master come yet?— This is very obliging indeed, to let me be the first here! — 'Tis vastly proper, that I should wait for him! — The Slave assured her, that he expected him every moment, and attempted to make some Excuses for this Delay. — No, no, said she, interrupting him, I shall let him know that the Airs he gives himself are not very becoming — but now, I think on't, I'll go. — You may tell him, that when he sees me next he shall be more obsequious. — With these Words she went towards the Door, but soon changed her Resolution. No, cry'd she, I'll stay till he comes, that he may find from my own Mouth, how little I can forgive such Treatment. The Slave then went out, making a profound Reverence; and she threw herself on me quite overcome with Rage and Disdain.

The natural Impetuosity of her Temper, now thinking herself alone, shewed itself in all its Vehemence. She loaded *Mazuibim* with the opprobrious Names that Passion could suggest. — She swore a thousand times
never

to see him more; and as often accused herself of a Facility beyond Example. At last, she heard a Chariot stop at the Door, and not doubting but it was the Person she expected, rose hastily up, and flew to meet him, prepared as she was, to shew how greatly she knew to resent the Affront he had put upon her.

You well deserve indeed, cry'd she, the Regard of a Woman of Condition.— Your Character, your Manners, your Morals are of a-piece, and ——— she was going on in these Terms while she heard him on the Stairs; but on the Door being thrown open, said no more than, Ah, Heaven! and gave a great Shriek at the Sight of him who entered.

I was little less astonished than *Zulica*, to find it was a Man I had never seen before. How! cry'd *Schah Baham*, was it not *Mazulhim*? No, may it please your Majesty, reply'd *Amanzei*. Not *Mazulhim*! resumed the Sultan, that is an odd Incident indeed! And why was it not he? Your Majesty shall be presently informed, said *Amanzei*. Nothing sure was ever so comical as this, cry'd the Sultan, ——— He deceives her then ——— ay, ay, 'tis plain, he deceives her ——— I see it, and I am seldom mistaken. ——— But tell me, *Amanzei*, while I

think on't, what sort of a Place was this same little House you speak of? — I have had a great deal of Curiosity about it, ever since you first mentioned it; and now I can hold no longer. It is, most august Emperor, reply'd *Amanzei*, a House built so as not to be over-looked by the Neighbourhood, where, without any Attendance, People of Quality go to ——— O! I understand, cry'd the Sultan, a Word is enough to let me into the bottom of every thing. ——— Well, I swear by my Sceptre, these little Houses are very commodious — but go on, *Amanzei*.

The Fury and Astonishment that *Zulica* was in, at seeing a Guest so unexpected, and who, as I afterwards found, had the least Reason of any Man in the World to flatter himself with a Welcome, was so great, that it deprived her of her Speech for some time. I know, Madam, said this *Indian* to her, with the extremest Respect, that you have Reason to be surprized at my Presence; and that, according to the Prejudice you have conceived against me, you would have chose to have been seen here by any Eyes rather than mine; but, Madam, the Sight of you has given me no less Emotion. ——— I imagined not that the Lady, to whom *Mazulhim* entreated me to bear his

Excuses,

Excuses, was the Woman who of all the World, were I so happy to be in his place, I should have the least Inclination to disappoint. It is not however that *Mazulhim* is guilty. — No, Madam, he is sensible of his Obligations to your Goodness — he burns with Impatience, to testify all his Gratitude at your Feet; but some cruel Orders from Court, which, how sacred soever they ought to be to all faithful Subjects, he had many Struggles before he could bring himself to obey, have torn him from all the Happiness his Soul proposed to enjoy this Evening. He thought, that he could more depend on my Discretion, than on that of a Servant, and would not hazard a Secret, where a Person, such as *Zulica*, was so particularly concerned.

Zulica was so confounded at this Adventure, that the *Indian* had time to speak all this without her having Power to interrupt him: the Perplexity she was in, made her even wish, he had yet more to say — her Consternation rendering her immoveable, she stood with her Eyes fixed on the Ground, her Cheeks dyed in Crimson between Rage and Shame, till at last the mingled Passions found vent in a Torrent of Tears; the *Indian* on seeing her thus, took her respectively by the Hand, and conducted her to me; where

without uttering one single Word, she suffered him to place her.

I perceive, Madam, said he, you are resolved to think *Mazulhim* guilty, and all I can alledge in his justification, seems to encrease your Resentment, against him.——

How happy is he to be of so much Consequence to your Peace! As much as I am his Friend, I envy the precious Tears you shed on his Account!—— O how great must be your Love, that can—— love him!—— Do you think I love him, cry'd *Zulica*, interrupting him fiercely?— Could not I come here on Business in which Love has no Part? Can one not have an Acquaintance with *Mazulhim*, without conceiving for him Sentiments of the Nature you would impute to me?—— On what Reasons then dare you form a Conjecture so offensive to my Honour?

I dare maintain, reply'd the *Indian* smiling, that if my Conjectures are not true, they are at least highly probable. The Tears you shed—— the Rage you are in—— the Hour in which I find you in a Place consecrated only to Love, would make any one believe that the Influence of that Almighty Power conducted you hither.— 'Tis in vain, Madam, added he, to deny it;

it: I know you love: make if you please a Crime of the Object, not of the Passion.

How! cry'd *Zulica*, do you persist in believing it? — Will nothing oblige you to renounce so cruel a Censure? — Has *Mazulhim* told you, that I love him? Yes, Madam, answered he. And you believe him, resumed she, with an Air of Amazement? Yes, resumed he; and you must give me leave to tell you, that the Truth is so evident, it would even be ridiculous to doubt it. Well, said she, I confess it then — yes, I have loved him — I have told him so, and I came here to prove it — the ungrateful Man had the Artifice to beguile my Reason — Silence the Remonstrances of my Virtue — make me forget my Character; and, in fine, to prevail on me to meet him at this Place. — I blush not to avow all this; but perfidious, unworthy as I now find him, never shall he have any other Proofs of my Weakness than the Confession I have made him. — Had the Discovery of his Baseness been deferred but one Day longer! Heavens, what would have become of me!

Ah! Madam, said the *Indian* coldly, do you think Friends, as we are, and inseparable Companions, that *Mazulhim* has so ill an Opinion of me, as to make me but a

half Confidant in this Secret? What can he have said to you, cry'd she, eagerly? — He does not dare add Calumny to the Affront he has put upon me — he dare not forge so base a Lye as to affirm I have err'd with him any farther than in Intention? *Mazulhim*, Madam, answered he, may be guilty of some Indiscretions, but I cannot believe he would utter an Untruth. O the Villain! said she, this is the first time I ever was here. I find, resumed he, that you would not have me give any Credit to his Words; so to oblige you, Madam, I will rather believe *Mazulhim* has deceived me, than contradict you any longer. But, Madam, continued he, looking tenderly upon her, before whom do you take this Pains to vindicate yourself, a Man whom, if you truly knew, and to whose Veracity, if you would do justice, you would little fear to make the Repository of your dearest Secrets. — You weep! Ah, 'tis too great an Honour for the Ingrate: beautiful as you are, how much is Vengeance in your Power. — Yes, Madam, yes; *Mazulhim* has told me all — I am not ignorant you have been overcome by his Vows — I know even the Particularities of his Happiness with you — Be not offended, pursued he, it was not want of Respect, but the Abundance of his Love that

that made him give me the whole Account.— His Felicity was too great to be contained— had he been less transported, he would doubtless have been more discreet——it was not his Vanity, but his Excess of Joy, that would not permit him to keep Silence.

Mazulhim! interrupted she impatiently, O, the Traitor! —— what am I sacrificed by *Mazulhim!* —— has *Mazulhim* himself exposed a Weakness he alone found in me! —— Well, pursued she, in a Tone somewhat less furious, I did not know Mankind, and, Thanks to his Perfidiousness, shall henceforth fly them all; not altogether wretched in having purchased Experience at the Expence of one Fault. Ah! Madam, reply'd the *Indian*, feigning to believe what she said, that would be to punish, not revenge yourself. No, said she, all Men are base—I have the cruel Experience of the whole Sex in one——all——all are *Mazulhims*.

Think not so unjustly, I answered her, I swear to you by *Brama*, that had you put me in the place of *Mazulhim*, you never should have seen him in mine. But, cry'd she, not regarding what he said, is there any Truth in the Excuse you made for him? —— Are the Orders which you said retain'd him any more than a vain Pretence?—Far

not to tell me, I cannot be more unhappy than I am.

It would be needless to impose upon you, reply'd he, it was indeed not want of Power but Inclination engaged him to send me, instead of coming himself. — He loves you not. — Not love me! cry'd she, all in Tears, — Ah! can I survice so mortal a Shock. — Ungrateful Man, is this the Recompence of my Tenderness!

After this she fell into the most violent Exclamations — Grief, Rage and Dejection, by turns, succeeded to each other. The *Indian*, who knew her very Soul, oppos'd nothing she said, or did; but pretended to admire her in each different Passion she assumed. — I feel I cannot live, said she, after a long Fit of weeping, it is not for a Heart so tender, so delicate as mine to sustain an Injury like this without breaking; but if he loves me not with all the Sincerity I am Mistress of, what would he have done if I had deceived him?

He would have adored you, reply'd the *Indian*. I can then conceive nothing of such a Disposition, resumed she, and were I to reflect on it should lose myself in Thought. But tell me, if he no longer loves me, and had not Courage to declare to me in Person his Ingratitude, why did he not write to me?

— Do

——Do Men break off with even Objects the most contemptible, in the fashion he does with me? Or, why again were you the Person he made choice on to bring me this fatal Message?

I see but too plainly, Madam, reply'd he, that the Confident is even more displeasing to you than the Confidence itself; and I assure you, that knowing as I do the unjust Aversion you always had to me, I would not have come here, if *Mazulbim* had named the Lady to whom he desired me to make his Apology. —— I swear to you also, with the same Sincerity, that (my Sentiments for you being entirely reverse of those I have the Misfortune to know you have for me) had *Mazulbim* mentioned the Name of *Zulica*, I should not have believed him, nor could have thought there was a Man in the World, who could not have been happy in being beloved by her.

So that, Madam, continued he, it was very innocently that I contributed to give you a Shock, the greatest I confess a Woman can possibly receive, and that I find myself in possession of Secrets, which, doubtless, you had rather were entrusted in any other Breast than mine. I know not for what Reason you imagine so, reply'd she, a little perplexed, Secrets of the Nature you

are let into, are indeed not very proper to be reposed in any one ——— but I have no particular Objections to make on your score.

Pardon me, Madam, interrupted he hastily, I am but too well convinced of your Aversion to me: I am not ignorant, that, on all Occasions, my Wit, my Figure, and my Manners have been the Subject of your Raillery, or rather of your severest Criticisms. Thus, Madam, have you treated me, I might perhaps deserve all you said; for, I confess, that if I have any Virtues, I owe them all to the Desire of rendering myself worthy of your Praises, or to oblige you at least to pardon those Defects, which, without ceasing, you have so cruelly both enumerated and exaggerated.

Me! said she blushing, I never spoke the least Syllable of you that could give you a Displeasure—— neither had I any Cause—— in the Acquaintance we have had together, you never gave me the least reason for Complaint, and you cannot believe me so ridiculous as to——

Quit if you please, Madam, interrupted he, this Topick——an Explanation cannot as things now are, be very agreeable to you; permit me only to tell you, that with the Sentiments I had for you, (Sentiments
such

such as all your Injustices could not alter) I was the Man of the whole World, who most deserved your Pity, and the least your Hate.———Yes, Madam, continued he, with a deep Sigh, nothing has been capable of extinguishing the unhappy Passion you have inspired me with —— your Disdain—— your Hate———your Malice against me, plunged me into the most excessive Grief, but roused no Resentment in me———I knew too well your Heart, to flatter myself you would ever look on me with the Eyes of Favour; but I hoped my Patience and Prudence in every thing, that regarded you, would one Day render me less odious; and if you could not prevail on yourself to give me your Friendship, you would not refuse me your esteem,

Zulica a little touch'd by so respectful a Discourse, now own'd that a Caprice, of which she knew not the Source, had frequently made her speak of him in the manner he accused her of, but assured him she would repair that Fault for the future, and tho' she had never been seriously his Enemy, would now omit nothing that might convince him, she was really his Friend; adding that he might depend on her best Wishes, her Esteem and Gratitude.

After

After having given him this Satisfaction, and entreated he would keep inviolably the Secret, entrusted to him by her perfidious Lover, she rose and prepared to take leave.

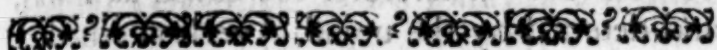
Where would you go, Madam, said the *Indian* gently endeavouring to re-place her?—— You have no Person with you, I have sent away Servants, and the Hour in which I order'd them to return, will not soon arrive. No matter, answered she, I cannot suffer myself to continue in a Place, where every thing I see, reminds me of my Weakness. Forget *Mazulhim*, said he, this House at present belongs not to him, he has yielded it to me.—— permit him who of all Mankind most interests himself for you, most adores you, to entreat you will command it. Think at least what you would do—— you cannot go out at this time, without running the risque of being seen—— let not your Rage make you forget what is owing to yourself—— think that to be known to have been here, would be the eternal Ruin of your Reputation—— think that by any rash Proceeding, you may before to-morrow become the Talk of all *Agra*; and instead of that high Virtue, for which you are now so much esteemed, you will then be mentioned, as a Person to whom these kind of Adventures are common.

Zulica resisted for some time the Arguments *Nasses* (that was the Name of the Indian,) made use of to prevail on her to stay: Every thing is prepared here for your Reception, said he, permit me therefore, to pass the Evening with you——such as you are, such as I am myself, may answer for the Respect you will be treated with——apprehend not I beseech you, the Effects of a Passion, which if I presume to mention to you, it is only to make you sensible to what a Degree I am concerned in your Happiness, and to endeavour to erase from your Mind, those cruel Ideas, which the Indiscretion, and Inconstancy of *Mazulbim* has planted there.

After a great deal of Persuasion, *Zulica* at length suffered herself to be prevailed on; and *Nasses* having placed himself near her, Thinking as you do, Madam, said he, and having Honour and Reputation so much at Heart, you must certainly have been very much astonished, when first you discovered the Marks of Sensibility in your Heart. How! cryed the Sultan, why sure he does not know what he says—either my Memory fails me, or this is the Lady that was always complaining of *Mazulbim's* ill Manners towards her; without doubt it is the same, answer'd the Sultaneſs. A Moment's Patience, resumed

resumed *Scab Babam*, let us consider—— if it is the same, why did he say to her what he did——this Lady has been accustomed to have Lovers, and by Consequence it is ridiculous to tell her she must be astonish'd——ay, but don't you perceive he is deceiving her all this time, answered the Sultaness? He is turning the Affectation of her Virtue into Ridicule. Ah, that's another thing, cryed the Sultan, but why did not *Amanzei* let me know that?——how could he think, I could see into the Minds of these People, as he did when he was a Spirit——well he makes a Jest of her then——I see it well enough now; but to what Purpose does he make a Jest of her?——it is that I want to know, and that without doubt *Amanzei* will inform you, if you permit him to continue his Story, said the Sultaness.——Be it so, cryed the Sultan, what I say, you understand me, is a Matter of Indifference; but we only talk for talking Sake——it amuses us, and for my Part, I don't hate Conversation.

C H A P.



CH A P. XIV.

Contains less Business than Discourse.

THE next Day *Amanzei* continued in this Manner. Thinking as you do, Madam, said *Nasses*, and having Honour and Reputation so much at Heart, you must certainly have been very much astonished, when you first discovered the Marks of Sensibility in your Heart? Doubtless, answered she, and I assure you this is the only Adventure of that kind, that ever happened to me. That you have loved, resumed he, is not at all strange to me; there are few Women that escape the Influence of that Passion; but that *Mazulhim* should be the Man destin'd to triumph over a Heart, which seems so little formed for soft Desires, is I confess what I cannot easily comprehend.

I cannot comprehend it my self, answered she, and the more I examine into the Motives of my acting in the Fashion I have done, the less I am able to conceive how I could be ever seduced by him. Ah, Madam! cryed he with the most tender Air, how cruel is our Fate——you love where you no longer are beloved, and I love where I never can be

be beloved. Wherefore, too timid as I was, and deterr'd by the unjust Aversion which I knew you had for me, did I not tell you the Influence your Charms had on me? perhaps my Affiduities, my Respect, my Constancy would have disarmed your Hate; and perhaps also, said she, you would have treated me as *Mazulhim* has done. No, *Zulica*, answer'd he, my Adoration of you, should have been equal to your Merit. But, cryed she, *Mazulhim* made me the same Professions you do, why therefore should I believe your Behaviour would have been different?

The Character of *Mazulhim*, Madam, replied he, might have made you doubt the Sincerity of his Vows——He is known to be inconstant, thoughtless, light, ignorant himself of what he loves——you must have heard, that he is more indiscreet and more deceitful in Matters of Love, than can be excused even by his own Sex; and a Woman must be suspected to have a more than ordinary Share of Pride, who could flatter herself with having the Power of fixing so waving a Heart. Indeed the Difficulties he found in gaining you, the Charms of your Mind and Person, the Transport of subduing a Virtue so invincible to all Mankind besides, might justly render you secure of an
eternal

eternal Tenderneſs on his Part; in any other, this had been a ridiculous Vanity, but in *Zulica* it was only a pure and uncorrupted Idea, which ſhe could not hinder herſelf from entertaining. It is certain, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe modeſtly, that according to my Judgment, I deſerved ſome Regard———Regard! cryed he, ah how mean a Return, would his Regard be for what he owes you!———do you then exact no other Recompence for all you have done for him, than one ought to pay to a Woman the leaſt worthy of Eſteem? yet you ſee nevertheless, answered ſhe, that I have exacted too much.——Ah, Madam! cryed *Naffes*, if it were permitted me to ſpeak———you may, replied ſhe haſtily interrupting him, and with all the Freedom you can wiſh; after what juſt now has paſt between us, you may aſſure yourſelf of the moſt tender Friendſhip. How Madam! ſaid he, in a tranſported Accent, the moſt tender!———is it poſſible that *Naffes*, ſo long hated by *Zulica*, may now flatter himſelf with the moſt tender Friendſhip!———Yes, *Naffes*, replied ſhe, that *Zulica*, who acknowledging, and aſham'd of her Injuſtice, ſwears to repair it by a Behaviour altogether the reverſe, and to give you all the Proofs in her Power of her Confidence and Eſteem.

Theſe

These Words were accompanied with the most obliging Looks ; *Naffes* was indeed very agreeable in his Person, and tho' he took not the same Pains in his Dress, as *Mazulhim*, yet was no way inferior to him. The Joy that sparkled in his Eyes at hearing *Zulica* speak in this Manner, gave no small Addition to his manly Graces ; what ! cryed he again, is it you ? you the most excellent of your Sex, that has promised to give me all the Proofs of Friendship in your Power ?

Yes, answered she, my Heart henceforward shall be open to you, not the least Emotion, not the least Idea that rises in it, shall be conceal'd from you ; and I will disclose all to you with the same Sincerity, as I were speaking to myself.

Ah *Zulica*, said he throwing himself at her Feet, and kissing her Hand with the utmost Fervor, how infinitely beyond my Merit is the Tenderness I so long have felt for you rewarded ! ——— with what Pleasure shall I submit every thing to you ! Sovereign Mistress of my Soul, your Commands alone shall regulate my Conduct. Well, well, cry'd she smiling, let us 'have no more of this——— Rise, I don't like to see you in this Posture ; return, I beseech you, to what you were about to say to me.

He

He then seated himself near her, and still holding her by the Hand, continued in these Words. I was going to ask you, said he, since you permit me to do so, by what Methods *Mazulhim* succeeded in his Wishes? by what Enchantment could a Woman so worthy Estimation, both by her Sentiments, and Conduct, ever be prevailed on to trust her Heart and Reputation in such Hands!—How could a Man so vain, so impetuous, so inconstant, be ever thought deserving the Tenderneſs of a Woman of your Wiſdom, your conſummate Virtue, your ſcrupulous Modeſty.———Those fluttering Nothings of your Sex indeed, who like himſelf are giddy, trifling, always ready to receive new Impreſſions, and as ready to ſhake them off; thoſe, who without knowing Love themſelves, or being capable of inſpiring it, yield to the firſt Man that makes his Addreſſes; thoſe I ſay he well might triumph over, the Conqueſt excites no Amazement; but you Madam! you to be deceived by him! Heavens! by what Miracle could it be brought about?

As a firſt Teſtimony then, ſaid *Zulica*, of the Confidence I have promiſed to reſt in you, I will tell you ingenuouſly, that I never imagined I had any thing to fear on the Score of *Mazulhim*, not that I thought myſelf

self incapable of Love; but till I had the fatal Experience, I was intirely ignorant that there are Moments, in which the most virtuous Woman may be plunged into Errors the most dreadful and inextricable. Too secure alas of myself, by the Reflection that nothing had been able to make me swerve in the least particular, from what the strictest Decency required, I thought Life would perpetually glide on in the same Calm; and that it was not in the Power of any Man whatever to occasion in me those Emotions, by which I saw too many of my Sex seduced.

Doubtless, said *Nasses* with a very solemn Air, nothing is more ruinous to Women, than that very Security you speak of; at least, resumed she, it is true, that we are never more in Danger of being subdued, than when we think ourselves invincible—The Indifference I had remain'd in, for even the most worthy Men, who were every Day dying at my Feet, deceived me, gave me an Opinion of myself which I was far from deserving, and when *Mazulhim* first made his Addresses, I thought of him, as of others ——— how he gained upon me, I know not, all that I can tell you is, that after having resisted a long time, my Head run on him when he was absent, my Heart flutter'd when he was present, and I felt somewhat

somewhat of a Disorder through my whole Frame, which till then had been a Stranger to me. *Mazulhim*, who doubtless saw what I, alas! wanted Artifice to disguise, and knew better than myself, the Nature of my Confusion; took his Advantage of it; and by Methods, the Consequence of which I was far from apprehending, drew me at length into a Promise to meet him here, tho' not without his giving me all the Assurances in the Power of Words, that he desir'd this private Interview for no other reason, than to entertain me with more Freedom, than as I was always surrounded with the great World, he had the Opportunity to do elsewhere.——In fine, I came——there was somewhat in him that fatal Day, at least I thought so, more than I had ever seen before——I fell into a Confusion; I neither can express, nor account for the Meaning of——I grew insensibly less averse to his Desires, and without knowing to what I consented, I had the power to refuse him nothing——Love, or somewhat to which I cannot give a Name, disarm'd my Reason, and left me only the Shadow of what I was.

As she gave over speaking, Tears fell in great abundance down her Cheeks, Sighs heaved her Breasts, and seemed to stop the Progress of any farther Words. *Naffes* who appear'd

appear'd touch'd in the most tender Manner at her Grief, in feigning to console her, said, every thing that was most likely to throw her into Despair; he dwelt maliciously on the little Time that *Mazulhim* had employ'd to gain her. It is utterly impossible to imagine, said he, that you want any Requisite, to make compleatly blest the Man you vouchsafe to favour; yet nevertheless, so swift a Vicissitude from Passion to Disgust, as *Mazulhim* had shewn, would make one apt to suspect the most disadvantageous Things of any other Woman than yourself.

At these Words, *Zulica* gave herself an Air of conscious Worth, which shew'd *Nasses*, that she was sensible she had nothing to reproach herself with on that Score. I know very well, continued *Nasses*, that there are Men so inconstant in their Natures, that they cannot for any long time attach themselves to one Object, tho' ever so aimable: and even in those least wavering, the Fury of Desire abates but by degrees, after an uninterrupted Possession; in some, perhaps, in three Months; others again, in six Weeks; and I have known those that have not retained their first Ardours more than fifteen or sixteen Days. There is no Rule in such Cases, a great deal is owing to Constitution; but I believe there is scarce a parallel Instance in

the World, of a Man who abandon'd a Woman with that Precipitation *Mazulhim* has done——Heavens! it is a thing not to be conceived —— to quit you —— to throw you off even at a time, when you had the most Reason to expect Joy and Gratitude would have added fresh Fuel to his Flame! — who could imagine that *Zulica*, the charming *Zulica* should have yielded all the Treasures of her Beauty, Virtue and Reputation only to have them scorn'd, forsaken, ridicul'd! —— Ah, Madam! added he, I must again repeat, you would have found more Constancy in me.

To this *Zulica* replied that she believed him; but as she was resolved never more to give way to an amorous Inclination, the Constancy of Mankind was a Matter of Indifference to her; she added that the sincere Friendship she had for him, made her wish the Passion he had just now declared for her, was less real than he pretended, and that she should be extremely troubled he should retain any Desires, that it was impossible for her ever to gratify.

Yes, replied *Nasses* with a dejected Air, I expected no less; I find in you all that Strength of Resolution, which I always trembled at, yet could not help admiring, how unfortunate soever it made me; if you

D

were

were less worthy of Esteem, I should have less to fear; because I might then have imagined, that as you had loved *Mazulhim*, it was not impossible but you might be brought to love me also; this is a Hope I might have indulged, without being guilty of Presumption with any other Woman, but unhappily for me, you stand alone, above the ordinary Weakness of your Sex, and from what you have done for a past Lover, there is no drawing any Consequence in Favour of a future one.

Zulica, who without doubt laugh'd within herself, at the mistaken Notion *Naffes* seem'd to have of her, assured him that he did her no more than justice; and then enlarged very much on the Obligations she had to Nature, for having, she said, given her so little Dispositions to Love, and that a peculiar Coldness in all those things, other Women took so much Pleasure in, had never been capable of Alteration even in spite of the Tenderness *Mazulhim* had inspired her with.

So much the more unhappy for you, Madam, said *Naffes*, the more you are sensible of your Virtue, the more you will find Reason to complain. This very Insensibility will make the greatest Misfortune of your Life ——— *Mazulhim* will be ever present

present to you ; the mortifying Manner in which he quitted you, will never be out of your Mind ; the Vexation to have been thus treated, will haunt you in your Solitude, mingle with your Dreams, nor would Company or all the Pleasures in the World, be able to drive it from you.

What then can be done, said she, to erase so cruel an Idea ? I confess indeed that a second Engagement might make me forget the former, and a more worthy Lover blot from my Heart the Image of the perfidious *Mazulhim* ; but if I could resolve to hazard the new Misfortunes, which might possibly be the Consequence, I fear it would be impossible for me to make the Experiment——

No, *Nasses*, a Woman that thinks as I do, can never love more than once. Ah, Madam ! cried he, how false is that Idea ; I have known those that have entertained six different Passions, and have not been the less esteemed. Besides the Cruelty of your Situation, sets you above Rules ; and were your Adventure known, no-body could blame you for entertaining ten Lovers at a time. That would be extremely kind of the World indeed ! replied she laughing. You don't believe, however, said he, that I advise you to it, since it would be sufficient to make

me die with Grief, to be assured you encouraged one.

Ah! said *Zulica*, if once to be possessed of a Passion the most constant, and most sincere that can be, is so condemnable in the Eyes of the World, that we can scarce escape the last Contempt for it, what must we expect when we pass from one to another. Such is the Misfortune Custom has laid on Women, that what in your Sex is looked on as a Virtue, is in ours condemned as a Vice.

Such indeed was the way in former times, replied *Nasses*, but now we judge otherwise; and if the Fear of Censure was your sole Restraint, you might without any Hesitation, yield yourself up to Love. In the main, said she, the Maxim is just; for what right has any one to concern himself with what takes up the Heart of another? for my part, I see no Reason for it. Why then, answer'd he, with that infinite Share of Understanding, which enables you to distinguish between the false and the true, will you sacrifice yourself to Prejudice, like one who is deaf to Reason? You seem determined to lament for your whole Life, your Weakness for *Mazulhim*, rather than make use of any Methods for your Consolation——You say a Woman ought to love but once, yet are interiorly convinced, that the Principle
on

on which you act is false, and resist your own Reason, meerly to enjoy the noble Pleasure of afflicting yourself; and this also apparently to the World, for who will ascribe your Grievs to any other Cause, than the Loss of *Mazulhim*?——is not this a valuable Character you would establish for your self? But I flatter myself, said she, they will not think thus of me.

Perhaps, they will not tell you so replied he, and I dare answer also that you will put it in the Power of no Confidante, to assure them of the Motive; I swear to you an inviolable Secrecy; but, Madam, the Change in your Behaviour from the most sprightly, to the most melancholly, will be too much Honour for *Mazulhim* to permit him to be silent, and whatever you may think every Body will know it. But wherefore, cryed she?

Heavens! cryed he, can any one be so stupidly unconcerned, as to behold the amiable *Zulica* afflicted, without endeavouring to discover the Reason of her being so? and tho' all their Researches should be vain, think you that *Mazulhim* himself, whose Vanity would be but too much flattered by your Grief, would not take Care the Publick should be made acquainted, that it was the Loss of him alone, had drawn Tears from

the finest Eyes in the World? This alas is but too true, said she, and I am convinced, I ought not to shew any Testimonies of Disquiet. Certainly, resumed he, and your Reputation in this Point, depends wholly on yourself: But added he, after all what have you to regret? If *Mazulhim* should again make an Offer of his Passion, would you accept it? Accept it! no, cryed she hastily, sooner would I receive the Love of the last, and most abject of Mankind. Well then, said he, if nothing he now could do, would have the Power to reconcile him to you, how ridiculous is it to repine at the Loss of him.

Hold a little, *Emir*, said the Sultan, and tell me are these People to talk thus, much longer? Yes, may it please your Majesty, replied *Amanzei*: So much the worse, by *Mahomet*, cryed *Schah Baham*, these are Discourses that tire me most abominably, I tell you, if you can suppress, or at least abridge them you will oblige me, and I shall not be ungrateful. Methinks you wrong *Amanzei* to find Fault with him, said the Sultaness, this Conversation so displeasing to you, is not a useless Dissertation, but a Fact itself——a kind of Dialogue, by which we discover Circumstances of the greatest Consequence; is it not *Amanzei*, cryed she, smiling?

smiling? Yes, Madam, replied he. This Manner of relating things, resumed she, is very agreeable; it gives a lively Picture of the Characters, and Humours of the Persons concerned, but it is, however, subject to some Inconveniencies; for Example, the Mind is desirous of comprehending every thing, and, to lose no Part of the elegant Variety of Expression, is apt to dwell too much on Trifles; fine perhaps, but not of Consequence enough to take off our Attention from the main Point, and by that Means we lose the Thread of the History. To know exactly how far a History ought to be illustrated, is a Nicety more difficult for the Relater, than his Hearers consider. The Sultan is in the wrong, to wish you should come too hastily to a Conclusion, in the Part you now are; but you would be in the Wrong in my Opinion, and in that of all People of Taste, if the Desire of speaking should so far transport you, that you did not know how to keep silent, even in those things most agreeable to yourself, when you could not repeat them without offending others. The Sultan in the Wrong! said *Schah Babam*, that is soon said, but I will maintain that this *Amanzei* here, is a Babler, and puts into other People's Mouths, what he would say himself; if I know any thing, he introduces these long

Conversations only to shew his Wit. This shocks you, added he, turning to *Amanzei*, but I speak my Mind, and if you would confess the Truth, I am sure you would own I am in the right. Yes, most mighty Emperor, replied he, and setting aside the Complaisance I owe to your Majesty's Opinion, I confess that I have often found in myself, that Fault with which your Majesty reproaches me. Correct it then, said *Schah Baham*. Were it as easy for me to correct, as to convince myself, replied *Amanzei*, your Majesty would have no Reason to find Fault.

Zulica, continued he, seem'd touch'd with the Arguments *Nasses* had made Use of. I own, said she, there is a great deal of Truth in what you say, and the ill judging World might impute my Grief to a Cause very different from what it is; for in Reality, it is not the Loss of *Mazulhim* I lament, but my own Weakness in having given myself to a Man so unworthy of me. It must be owned indeed, replied *Nasses*, that his Behaviour with you, ought not to render him very amiable in your Eyes, however if you judge without Prejudice, you will find he has some Charms. He is not well made, cryed *Zulica* disdainfully. I cannot say he has altogether so fine a Turn, resumed he, yet notwithstanding that, I know no Man more agreeable;

agreeable ; he has the finest Shoulders, and the finest Legs in the World, an easy graceful Air, and a way of entertaining People gay, lively, and amusing. Yes, answer'd *Zulica*, I cannot deny but that he knows well enough how to trifle away the time, but I assure you he wants a great deal of amusing People of a good Understanding ; and I look upon him to be only a proud vain-glorious self-sufficient Coxcomb. ——— I can pardon a little Pride, Madam, interrupted *Nasses*, in a Man who has the Honour to please you ——— 'Tis natural to us.

——— But *Nasses*, cryed she smiling, for a Man who says he loves me, and would have me believe him, you preach to me a Doctrine little favourable to your Purpose. Disesteem'd as *Mazulhim* is at present by you, Madam, answer'd he, yet is he less so than myself ; and I less hazard your Displeasure, by entertaining you with Discourses on a Man whom you have tenderly loved, than I should do by speaking of one whom I fear you never will love. I see this too happy Rival still so much takes up your Heart, that I never mention his Name, but your Eyes overflow with Tears. ——— Yes, Madam, added he, he is still dear to you, — you but in vain endeavour to conceal from

me the Affection you have for him——Ah, if it be possible, cease to weep his Loss while I am present——your Grievs pierce me to the Soul——I cannot see you thus, without feeling the most dreadful Emotions.

Zulica, who for some time past, had not the least Propensity to weep, on hearing him speak in this manner, thought herself obliged to call forth some new Tears. *Nasses*, who diverted himself with the Effect his Management had on her, suffered her to remain some Minutes in this affected Grief; but not to lose time, he amused himself with kissing her Neck and Breast, while she seemed too much overwhelmed in Sorrow, to regard what he did, and it was not till after he had taken a good many Liberties of that Kind, that she seemed enough recovered to be sensible of his Boldness; at last putting him gently from her, Ah, *Nasses*, cryed she, this is a Freedom which offends me. Indeed! replied he, in my opinion you ought to take it rather as a Favour.——Look on me then, added he, perceiving she still held her Handkerchief before her Face, when I behold those lovely Eyes——No, no, answered she, they are too full of Tears to be lovely; without your Tears, resumed he, you would to me appear less charming.

But

But hear me, continued he, the Condition I see you in, excites in me the tenderest Compassion, and obliges me to leave nothing unattempted, that might contribute to your Relief.—I have already proved the Necessity, there is for you to receive a new Impression, and I would now prove also, that I ought to be the happy Man, who should erase from your Breast all Memory of the ungrateful *Mazulhim*. I fear, replied she, you are alas ! but too successful. That I shall soon discover, said he, in the first Place, you confess that you have hated me without a Cause ; this Madam was an Injustice, which you can no way atone for, but by loving me with Passion. *Zulica* could not keep herself from laughing, to hear him argue in so pleasant a Manner, but was not enough displeased with it, to offer any Interruption ; moreover, continued he, I love you, it is easy for you to perceive I do so, and perhaps you may even be inspired with a Passion, you do not approve : never will you find a Man so much disposed as I am to love you with all the Tenderness you merit.

Whether we have Cause or not, it is a Rule among us to think ill of Women ; we persuade ourselves that they are neither faithful, nor constant, and on that Foundation believe we owe them neither Fidelity nor Con-

Constancy ; by Consequence, we seldom find any lasting Passions ; to fix the Heart therefore, by Nature roving, and made more so by an Appearance of Reason, one ought to make Choice of a Woman, who we are certain deserves a sincere Attachment ; we should examine her Character, her Humour, her way of Life, and in Proportion to those, regulate how far she ought to be esteemed ; for where Judgment does not approve, Love cannot long subsist ; and 'tis absolutely necessary a strict Enquiry should be made. Well then interrupted *Zulica*, what hinders you ? Because, Madam, answered he, it takes too much time ; while we are seriously employed in endeavouring to discover, if the Object of our Affection merits our Fidelity, she frequently is beforehand with us in Inconstancy, and that is so cruel an Affliction to us, that we chuse to prevent it by quitting her, before we know whether she merits it or not. But, cried *Zulica*, does not all this make against yourselves ?

You shall hear, Madam, replied he, but must that same Handkerchief be eternally before your Eyes ? have I not seen you already, said she ? Not enough resumed he, and I will not speak another Word, while that Screen remains between us — remove it,

it, or I will try to hate you, as much as you have hated me.

Zulica complied with his Request, and having withdrawn the Handkerchief, smil'd and look'd on him with a good deal of Tenderness; continue then, said she, leaning carelessly towards him, yes, cry'd he, catching her in his Arms, doubt not but I will continue. After what I have seen of you here, pursued he, the Examination I mentioned is needless; you have acquired all my Esteem, and consequently redoubled my Love; another could not love you, as I love you; he could see and admire only the Charms of your Person; the Beauties of your Soul, would be Strangers to him, since none but myself has had the Opportunity of discovering the Sublimity, the Purity, the Delicacy of your Sentiments; you may say indeed he might be acquainted with them by your Actions——Ah Madam! there are many *Mazulbims*, and do you think a Man, giddy, rash and inconsiderate, especially with Regard to Women, in whom he never finds any thing, but to encrease his Contempt, because he will not do them the Honour to examine what Virtues they have; do you think, I say, that such a one would perceive those things in you, which would secure his Esteem? or would he not rather accuse you
of

of falsifying your Character, and of making a Shew of Virtues, you were far from possessing? Yes, said she, I believe it; for few Men are so judicious as you.

Nasses to testify his Gratitude for this Praise, was going to kiss her Hand, but her Lips being nearer to him, he thought proper to make his Acknowledgments on them——

Ah *Nasses*, cryed she, with a melting Accent, we shall quarrel——you will find then, continued he, without taking Notice of this little Menace, that since I am the Man who most esteems you, and who has the most Reason to do so, I ought also to be the only Man, whom you can love. Love is too dangerous, answered she; O that is an old Maxim of the Opera, said he, so thread-bare, so worn out, that it would not bear now a-days being inserted in a Madrigal; but how dangerous soever the Passion might be with others, it ought not to be esteem'd so with me.

—— But why will nothing but my Love content you? said she, have not I already promised you my Friendship?——

I cannot deny, answered he, but that you are generous beyond my Hopes, and if I loved you with a common Passion, I might content myself with that, or perhaps with less than what you offer; but, *Zulica*, the
Sentiments

Sentiments you have inspired me with, can be repaid only by the most tender Return on your Part ; and I swear therefore to neglect nothing, that may excite in you, all the Ardour which a Flame like mine demands, and I also swear, cryed she, to neglect nothing that may defend me from it. A ! ha ! resumed he, you think then 'tis necessary to be cautious with me ?——Why this is half a Victory, it proves you fear yourself, and look on me as dangerous !——indeed you have Reason, loving you with the Violence I do, and knowing the Sincerity of your Soul —— with a Woman of less Virtue, I could not so much depend on my Conquest.

Yet sure, replied she, the more Virtue I have, the more I shall resist. Quite contrary, said he, it is only the Coquets who are so difficult to gain ; they easily believe themselves beloved, but are rarely touched with any Tenderness themselves ; whereas a Woman of Sense and Generosity, cannot be long ungrateful, her gentle Soul sympathizes with the Pains she gives, and is easily prevailed upon to yield. I cannot believe that, said *Zulica*. Nothing, is more true, answered he, I will give you an Example.——Tell me with that amiable Sincerity, which to me is one of your greatest Charms, do you doubt of my Affection ? I have already suffered so
much

much by my foolish Credulity, replied she, that I believe it will be a long time, before you can persuade me to assure myself of such a thing. But *Mazulhim* apart, cryed he, what do you think? I think answered she, that you do not hate me. He said many other things to engage her to speak more plain, and at last drew from her, that she believed he loved her. Well then, said he, am I odious to you? Odious! cryed she, no certainly: I would willingly be indifferent, but I would not be unjust.

You believe then I love you, pursued he, you own I am not hateful to you, and yet imagine yourself able to resist me for a long time! How can *Zulica*, whose Character is Truth itself, and whose own Wishes I see plead strongly in my Favour, flatter herself with the Belief, she can swerve so far from what she was born to be, as to render me, and herself unhappy, merely for the Sake of Form——No, charming Woman, no——I have a better Opinion of you, than you have of yourself——you have not Vanity to make you glory in a Lover's Pains——you have not the perfidious Artifice to protract my Expectations, and by Turns, raise and depress my Hopes——you have not so little Understanding, as to diminish the Value of your Favours, by bestowing them
singly

singly, and with a sparing Hand ; but the Moment I am happy enough to move you to Compassion, will be that in which I shall die with Pleasure in your Arms, and that charming Mouth, added he with Transport——

Very good, interrupted the Sultan, very good——you have eased me of a great deal of Disquiet——by my Faith, I begun to think, they would never have come to a Conclusion——O, what a foolish Creature is this same *Zulica* with her Airs ! In Effect, said the Sultaness, it must be allowed that Favours should not be too long delayed——Resist an Hour ! why 'tis beyond Example ! Very true, resumed the Sultan, and it has been as tiresome to me, as if it had lasted fifteen Days——and if *Amanzei* had retarded it ever so little longer, I should have died with the Vapours ; but before that it might have cost him his Life, I might have taught him what it was to make a crown'd Head die of the Spleen.

C H A P.



C H A P. XV.

Not very amusing to those who are tired with the foregoing.

BY the Silence I observ'd, and with which your Majesty was so well pleased, said *Amanzei* the next Day, I judg'd that *Nasses* hinder'd *Zulica* from speaking; and that *Zulica* hinder'd *Nasses* from going on. Ah, *Nasses*! cry'd she, as well as she could, *Nasses*, Do you consider what you do?——If you love me——

The more this adventurous Lover fear'd the Reproaches of *Zulica*, the less he left her at Liberty to make them. Never till that Moment was I convinced how advantageous it is to be obstinate with Women. But hear me, *Nasses*, said *Zulica*, hear me! Are you resolved to make me hate you?

All Words pronounced with a feeble Accent, and interrupted, or incoherent, loose their Force, and impose not on the Hearer. *Zulica* soon found it was to no purpose to speak to a Man lost in his Transports, and to whom she had already vainly made use

of

of the finest Arguments in the World:—all she could do, she had done,———after having provided against the Enterprises of *Nasses*, tho' tempted in the midst of her Confusion with all the Boldness imaginable, she was out of all Fear in this respect, and waited patiently till he should be in a Condition to hear the Reproaches she prepar'd for his Impertinence.

Nasses, either to obtain more easily his Pardon, pretended to be, or was in effect, so overcome by his late Extacies that he fell motionless on the Bosom of *Zulica*, and quite insensible of every thing.

This gave a new Perplexity to this poor Lady; for what would it have availed to speak to a Man that could not hear? Her enforced Silence however in that moment was less painful to her, because, according to all Appearance, *Nasses* was not in a State which would allow him to make any Commentaries on it. She endeavoured notwithstanding to withdraw herself from his Embraces; but she was either too weak, or he even in this Absence of his Senses, too potent for her to succeed.

When he recovered, nothing could be more tender than his Air———He just lifted up his Eyes, all languishing on the Face of *Zulica*, then cast them down again with

with so profound a Sigh, that far from giving her any Opportunity of testifying the Resentment she intended, she began in spite of her natural Insensibility, to be touch'd, and even to partake his Transports. This virtuous Person had been lost, if *Nasses* had perceived the Emotions with which she was agitated; but he not being then in a State to do so, she had time to suppress or disguise them; and when he once more came to himself, and pressed her Hand fondly to his Breast, *Nasses*, cry'd she, in an angry Tone, Is it by such a Behaviour you think to make yourself beloved?

Nasses excused the Liberties he had taken, by imputing them to the Force of his Passion, which he said was too great to be restrain'd: *Zulica* on the other Hand maintain'd, that Love when sincere, was always accompany'd with Respect; and that Freedoms of the kind he had taken were never made use of but with Women worthy of Contempt. He again asserted, that such strong Desires were never felt for those Women for whom they wanted Respect; and that nothing could more prove the Greatness of his, than what she so obstinately blamed in him.

If I had less Esteem for you, pursued he, I should have ask'd you to grant those Liberties which I ravish'd from you; and how trifling

soever

For ever the Favours are, that I have seiz'd,
 I am not ignorant you would have refus'd
 them to me——I very well knew I must
 owe to myself whatever I obtain'd from you
 ——The more one admires a Woman, the
 more one is oblig'd to appear guilty of too
 much Boldness. ——Be assur'd, amiable
Zulica, of the Truth of this Maxim. I do
 not believe a Word of it, answer'd she; but
 tho' it really were so, it is still an establish'd
 Rule, that the first Declaration of a Passion
 ought to be accompanied with a Behaviour
 vastly different from this you have shewn.

Suppose, said *Nasses*, I had without any
 Ceremony, or even having utter'd a Syllable
 of my Passion, snatch'd all the Favours in
 my Power, such a Proceeding would even
 have been a Proof of my Respect for which
 you ought to thank me.

Oh, Heavens! cry'd she; sure never was
 any Opinion so fantastical! fantastical as you
 call it, resum'd he, it yet is founded on the
 highest Reason; and I doubt not but to
 make you sensible it is so, not only because
 you have a fine Capacity, but also because
 you have an Infinity of Justice; a Virtue so
 rare in your Sex, that one can never too
 much applaud you for it. I am not to be
 seduced by this Compliment, said she; and
 shall act as I ought to do in this Affair. I

am very unhappy, answer'd he, to find you so little sensible of the obliging Things I say to you. In a Word, *Nasses*, resum'd she, interrupting him, before one suffers certain Liberties, one should at least enjoy the Satisfaction of having been persuaded. This I think you cannot disallow.

I understand you, Madam, said he; it must be length of time——I must suffer Torments before I must be permitted to taste of Bliss——It shall be so——I will make you love me without that which alone ought to convince you I am deserving of so great a Blessing; you shall then receive only Affluities from me: the World shall know how much I adore you, and I will omit no tender Fooleries that may acquaint the Publick with the Sentiments I have for you. But what would you say? cry'd she, you are a strange Man! 'tis your Respect for me that makes you treat me with an Impertinence which I ought never to pardon in you!——'tis your infinite Circumspection in every thing that regards me, that authorises a Roughness scarce to be borne by a Woman the least worthy of Civility.——In fine, you do a thousand Things to affront me; and yet it is I who am too blame. Do me the Favour to tell me how all this can be? If you were more experienced in Love, reply'd he, you

would

would spare me all these Explanations ; but how troublesome soever it is to me, I had a thousand times rather take the Pains to give you Lessons in that Affair, than find you were so well instructed in it, as to have no Occasion for them. Are you yet to learn, the Favours of a Woman to her Lover are of less ill Consequence to her Reputation, than the Length of time she makes him wait for them ? Do you believe it possible for me to love you without my Affiduities, my Cares to please you being taken Notice of by the Publick ?——Could I become melancholy, without the Cause being imputed to your Rigour ? In fine, for it must come to that at last, you consent to make me happy, and then, in spite of all the Precaution we could take, would not the tender Familiarity between us, be easily read in both our Faces ?

Zulica by her Silence, and a certain Astonishment in her Looks, seem'd not wholly to disapprove what he said on this Head. You see, therefore, pursued he, that when I press you to render me immediately blest, 'tis more for your sake, than my own, that I require it ; for in following my Advice, you save me the Anxiety of a long Expectation, you will avoid the inquisitive Centres which are always made on the Discovery of a new Amour. Besides——in the
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Situation we long have been in toward each other, I cannot without betraying all, shew any Marks of Esteem for you ; whereas, if you agree to my Wishes, we may with all the Security imaginable, impose on the World : perswaded of your Aversion for me, nobody will suppose you could so swiftly pass from one Extreme to the other ; and when the first Hurry of our Transports are over, we may by Degrees, and with less Difficulty, seem to enter into a Reconciliation, which may after appear to be improv'd gradually into Friendship.

For Example ; wherever we happen to meet at Court, or at the Drawing-Room of the first Princess, you may take some Occasion to treat me with Politeness, I shall answer to what you say with the greatest Complaisance ; then, as soon as you are turn'd away, express to the Person who stands nearest me, the Ambition I have to be of the Number of your Acquaintance——after this, I shall propose to some one of our Friends to introduce me to your House ; he shall ask your Permission in form, and you grant it with a seeming Indifference. When I have made you a Visit, I shall praise, wherever I go, the Charms of your Conversation, and the Misfortune I had of being so long denied the Happiness of an Admittance. There

will

will be no Occasion to make a Secret after this of our seeing each other frequently, our Intimacy will appear natural, and gradually growing into that Friendship, which I flatter myself with enjoying a long time, and the Pleasures of our Amour will be heightened by being concealed from publick Censure.

But yet, reply'd *Zulica*, after having paus'd a little, I cannot conquer my Apprehensions of your Inconstancy, which a too precipitate Gratification of your Wishes, would in some measure excuse. I own that it would be very agreeable to me to be linked with you in the strictest Ties of Confidence and Esteem; a Friendship built on such Foundation is the more delightful as it is rarely to be found——Nay, I will go farther, and tell you, that I am not averse to love you, if you would demand no more of me, than the Confession of my Tendernefs.

Such a Self-denial, said he, would be more difficult to be put in practice on your Account, than on that of any other Woman in the World; yet, at the same time I confess, that the little you are pleas'd to grant, is infinitely more valuable than the utmost Favours in the Power of your whole Sex beside to bestow——But still, O *Zulica*! the very possessing so much must make me languish still for more.——If you are indeed

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my

my Friend, remember that Friendship is like Love unbounded, and has no Reserve.— Make then the Happiness of a Man who adores you, who feels for you a Passion which never can change from what it is. If you could limit your Desires, answer'd she, affecting a Childish Tone; and if what one granted you, would not give you a kind of Privilege to be unreasonable, and demand more than one is willing to bestow, one would try to make you less wretched, but you seem so violent, that——no, *Zulica*, cry'd he, hastily interrupting her, you have nothing to fear from me; I shall be always obedient to your Commands.

On his making this Promise, which *Zulica* knew very well the Danger of accepting, though she seem'd to take literally, she lean'd carelessly toward him, with a Look which had nothing in it of austere: he took the hint, and throwing himself impetuously upon her, gave a loose to all the Pleasures she now no longer oppos'd. Ah, *Zulica*! said he presently after, it is only to your Complaisance I owe these blissful Moments; and will you not suffer that something shall be done for you, as is already done for me?

Zulica made no Reply; but *Naffes* complain'd no more. Soon he inspired her Soul with

with all the Fire that possessed his own—soon he forgot the Promise he had given her, and she remembered not she had exacted it. If she attempted to chide him, it was in such a manner, as but the more emboldned him to proceed.—She sigh'd indeed, but not with Grief; and *Nasses* perceiving to what Point she was arrived, took care not to lose the precious Crisis. Ah, *Nasses*! then cry'd she, in the most melting Accent, you don't love me.

Tho' the Fears of *Zulica* had been as real as she pretended, it was apparent to me, that the Transports of her Love, dissipated them in a short time; therefore being pretty well assured he had convinced her of his Ardor, he judg'd it not proper to lose, in answering her, Moments which might be employed in giving her yet stronger Confirmations, and more pleasing than the most elegant Discourse he could have made. *Zulica* was far from being offended at his Silence, and immediately (for it would be wrong to make your Majesty lose sight of the most important things) she seem'd to have entirely banished all those little Suspicions which she thought she could not retain, without doing a mortal Injury to *Nasses*.—Other Ideas of a more delightful Nature without doubt succeeded:—she

would have spoke, but had the power of uttering no more than some imperfect Words, and which served only to express the soft Confusion of her Soul.

When it was over, *Nasses* threw himself on his Knees. Ah! leave me, said she, hiding one of her Eyes, and looking fondly on him with the other. What! cry'd he, seeming to be surprized, have I had the Misfortune to displease you; and is it possible you have any thing to accuse me of? If I do not accuse myself, answered she, it is not that I ought not to do so. Of what would you accuse yourself, demanded he? Were you not sufficiently tired out with that cruel Resistance you made? I know, said she, that many Women would have yielded sooner; but I think I ought to have resisted much longer. She then declined her Head upon his Bosom; and he stooping down his, not to lose the Pleasure of beholding her, saw that she looked upon him with a Languishment, which declared her own Desires, and at the same time re-animated his. Do you love me, *Zulica*? said *Nasses*, with as much Tenderness, as if he had loved her himself. Ah, *Nasses*! answered she, what Pleasure can you take in hearing a Confession, which the Violence of your Passion has already extorted from me? Will you

you not leave me any thing still to say to you? No, *Zulica*, cry'd he, without that charming Confession I could not be compleatly blest——without that I should consider myself only as a Ravisher of the Favours I have enjoy'd——do not then suffer me to make so cruel a Reflection on what I would wish never to remember but with Transport. Yes, *Nasses*, said she, with a gentle Sigh and Pressure of his Hand, I do love you.

Nasses was going to make *Zulica* a proper Acknowledgment, when the Slave of *Mazulhim* brought in Supper——I believed as much, cry'd the Sultan, hastily interrupting *Amanzei*, these Rogues of Valets never come, but when we have least Occasion for their Presence. Could he not have foreseen, that his coming just when *Nasses* and *Zulica* were in this good Understanding, would have displeased me?——He must be so foolish to interrupt the very Discourse I took the most Delight in hearing. I have been surprized indeed, said the Sultaneß, that you have been silent so long. Why I did not care to delay the Recital, answered he, I wanted to hear how all this would End. I like this part of your Tale very well, continued he, turning to *Amanzei*, — this is what one may truly call a
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touching Situation, I have had Tears in my Eyes twenty times, and they are not dry yet. What! have you wept at it? cry'd the Sultaneſs. Why not? reply'd he, it is ſtrongly intereſting, or I am ſtrongly deceived. It is to me a kind of Tragedy; and if it did not make you weep, it is becauſe you have not a Heart capable of being affected. When he had ſpoke theſe Words, which he looked upon as a ſevere Witticiſm againſt the Sultaneſs, he ordered *Amanzei*, with an Air that expreſs'd his Satisfaction, to proceed.

Naffes ſigh'd, purſued *Amanzei*, to ſee himſelf interrupted; not that he was really in love, but he had that Impatience, that Ardor, which without being in love, produces in us Emotions which reſemble it, and which the Women always take as the Symptoms of a true Paſſion; either as they find it neceſſary to ſeem to be deceiv'd by us, or becauſe in truth they know no better. *Zulica* imputed the Diſorder ſhe obſerv'd in *Naffes*, entirely to the Force of her Charms, and had all the Gratitude imaginable; but to ſupport that Character ſhe had given herſelf of a reſerv'd Woman, ſhe made a Sign to him to behave with Circumſpection before the Slave; and having taken that Precaution, ſat down at Table.

After

After Supper,——Hold! hold! cry'd *Schab-Baham*, I would feign, that is, if you please, see them at Supper. I love Table-talk of all Things. Was there ever any thing so inconsistent, said the Sultaneſs to him, as your Humour in this particular! Have not you been in the utmoſt Impatience, and quite tired with Diſcourſes abſolutely neceſſary for underſtanding the Story? And now you are eager to hear what perhaps has no Relation to it; and would only ſerve to prolong it. Well, reply'd the Sultan; and if I have a mind to be inconsistent, Is there any one here ſhall hinder me?——Let us ſee who dares!——I believe every one knows, that a Sultan is to reaſon as he pleaſes; and that all my Anceſtors had the ſame Privilege. I muſt tell you, Madam, That never any Female-Wit had the Honour of hindering them from ſpeaking as they thought fit——My Grandmother *Schebarazade*, with whom you won't have the Affurance to compare yourſelf, never took upon her to contradict *Schab Riar* my Grandfather, ſon of *Schab-Mamoun*, who begot *Schab-Techni*, of whom——But I only ſay this, continued he more moderately, to let you ſee I know my Genealogy, and not to contradict any body;——So you may go on, *Amanzei*.

As soon as they were at Table, resum'd *Amanzei*, I am thinking, said *Zulica*, by what trifling Circumstances the most remarkable Accidents of our Lives are frequently brought about. What would you say of a Woman, who in one Night's time should love with all the Extremity of Passion, a Man she never thought on before, or even one she had hated? Would you not think such a thing impossible? yet nothing is more sure than that it has happen'd. I should be very sorry if it never had happen'd, answered *Naffes*; but indeed nothing is more common than for your Sex to pass from the Extremity of one Passion to another—the Warmth of the Imagination being indeed the Foundation of either loving or hating with Vehemence. Yet nevertheless, said she, you will find a great many who will maintain there is nothing in Sympathy.

But do you know, reply'd *Naffes*, what sort of People these are who maintain that Doctrine? They are either very young People, who know nothing of the World, or Prudes, whose cold unactive Minds are inflamed but by Degrees, and receive no Passion but with Precaution; and sure that Heart must be purchased at a dear Rate, where one always finds more of Remorse, than of Tenderness; and which indeed one can never enjoy.

enjoy. Well, cry'd *Zulica*, these Women, ridiculous as you describe them, are very numerous; and it is not long since I myself was one of them.

You! reply'd he; why don't you know that you are governed by Prejudice as much as any one can be? That may be, said she; but for all that, I believe in Sympathy.

That is enough for me, resum'd he; and indeed nothing is more certain: Nay, I even knew a Woman that is so subject to it, that the Fit comes on her three or four Times in a Day. Ah! *Nasses*! cry'd *Zulica*, that is not possible. Not possible! resum'd he, if you believe it is not only possible, but also common, you deceive yourself. Don't you know, that a Woman who has the Misfortune to have an amorous Inclination, cannot answer for herself one Moment? Suppose now, you could not help loving me, what would you do? Why, I must love you, answer'd she. Well then, suppose farther, continu'd he, a Woman should be under a necessity of loving three or four Men. That would be a sad Situation indeed, reply'd she. I am of your Mind, rejoyn'd *Nasses*; but what would you have her do? She cannot fly from her own Heart——In vain she seeks Relief in walking, sitting, reading; the Object that has awakened her Desires, is

ever present to her Eyes———Her Passion is irritated by the Resistance she makes, and the wild Wishes that have taken Possession of her Soul, far from being abated become yet more ungovernable. But, cry'd *Zulica*, seeming to have been meditating on what he said, to love four! Since the Number shocks you, reply'd he, I will take away two. Ay, that is more probable, return'd she; and yet, said he, how strongly have you inveighed against loving more than one! Hush, cry'd she, smiling, if you go about to renew any of your old Arguments, I shall make you the same Answers. No, no, said he, you are by Nature sincere, wholly devoid of Artifice; you love me also enough to conceal from me nothing of your Thoughts; and I esteem you the more, as there are so few Women of that Character.

With this, and such like Chit-chat, little interesting, or worthy of relating, they past the time of Supper; but when the Cloth was taken away, and *Nasses* saw himself again alone with *Zulica*, all his Fires seem'd to be re-kindled: He threw himself at her Feet, and looking up in her Face with the most tender Transport, ah! *Zulica*! cry'd he, Do you love me? Have I not enough confessed it, reply'd she, in a languishing Tone?——Heavens! pursu'd he; rising and catching her

her in his Arms, can I hear it too often ; and can you too much prove it ? Ah *Naffes* ! said she ; suffering herself to fall with him upon me, how do you triumph over my Weakness !

Ah ! the Devil ! cry'd the Sultan ; she lets him do what he will now ? That is not bad ! I believe she would not have been pleas'd if he had let her alone. The Women are strange Creatures ; they never know what they would be at. One is always at a Loss how to behave with them. How angry you are ! said the Sultaneſs, what a Torrent of Satire have you poured out upon us ! No, reply'd the Sultan, 'tis without Anger I ſay all this. To find out, that Women are ridiculous, is there a Neceſſity to be angry with them ? You are grown an excellent Critick, reſum'd the Sultaneſs ; and I wiſh you who hate all Men of Wit, are not in Danger of becoming one all at once. 'Tis this *Zulica* that vexes me, reply'd the Sultan ; I don't love theſe ill-timed Ceremonies. If your Maſteſty is out of Humour, with her ſaid *Amanzei*, it won't be long.



C H A P. XVI.

AFTER having said these few Words which displeas'd your Majesty, *Zulica* was silent, continued *Amanzei*, do you believe, cry'd *Nasses* to her, that *Mazulbim* lov'd you more than I do? He prais'd me more, answer'd she; but you seem to love me better. I will leave you no room to doubt of my Tenderness, resumed he; and you will soon see how much *Mazulbim* is inferior to me in Sentiments.

Ah, how! cry'd she, how!——*Nasses* would not permit her to proceed; and she complain'd not of the Interruption——Ah! *Nasses*, said she, soon after, how worthy are you of being lov'd! *Nasses* reply'd not to this Compliment, as supposing it made rather to encourage his future good Behaviour, than as a Reward for the present: He before had softened *Zulica*, but he now astonished her, and she conceived for him a Respect, the Motive of which was pleasant enough; and could not but be flattering to a Man who knew it was not the Effect of Prepossession,
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but of Proof. *Nasses* very well satisfied with himself, thought he might suspend for a Moment the Admiration he had caus'd in *Zulica*. Having triumph'd over her, his Designs were accomplish'd : He too well knew her to regard, or wish to keep the Conquest he had made. The Favours she had allow'd him, far from diminishing the Dislike he before had to her, augmented it; and he had now that kind of Contempt for her, which is impossible to be dissembled, and which does not admit of treating the Person who excites it, even with common Civility. In this Disposition of Mind he thought, all being over, he could not too soon shew the Impression that a perfect Acquaintance with her Virtues had made on him.

You perceive then, said he, that I do not know how to praise you so well as *Mazulhim*? Yes, replied she, but I perceive at the same time, that you know how to love me better than he. That, cryed he, is a Distinction which I cannot comprehend; pray what Value do you actually attach to the Word Love? Why it is——reply'd she,——I do not know it enough to say——It is not on that I pretend to speak——but wherefore do you, who appear to love me so well, ask me what it is? if I ask, said he, it is not because I am ignorant,

norant, but as every one defines this Passion according to his own Opinion, I would gladly hear what Notions you have of it, particularly what you mean by saying that I love you better, than *Mazulhim* could love you. I cannot conceive the Difference you put between us, unless you tell me in what it consists. Why, answered she, affecting to blush, it is because his Spirits are exhausted.

His Spirits exhausted! cried he, that is an Expression which according to my Understanding has no determined Meaning; in a long length of Passion, the Spirits doubtless are exhausted, but that could not be the Case with you and *Mazulhim*; you were a new Object, both to his Eyes, and Imagination; by consequence your Words cannot be taken in that Sense. I tell you, nevertheless, answered she, that I am very certain there are few Men, if any, less made for Love than *Mazulhim*; but ask me no farther Questions on this Matter, for I neither can, or will say any more.

O I begin to understand you, cried *Nasses*; but indeed I cannot know *Mazulhim*, by the Character you give of him. And yet methinks, resumed she, I have told you nothing. Your Pardon, Madam, said he, it is easy to guess what kind of Idea you would give

give one of a Man, when you say his Spirits are exhausted.——The Meaning is indeed artfully couched in the Modesty of the Phrase, but it is intelligible, and I am greatly surprized to find you had that Reason to complain of him. I complain not, said she, but since you will needs know my Thoughts, and I am too sincere to hide them from you, I must tell you, that I was very much surprized myself.——A ha ? cryed he, what you have found——'tis astonishing! resumed she, at least I think so.——

But, continued she laughing, I shall report better of you ; Experience has now given me a great Light into those Affairs——Experience or not, replied he, one knows that a Lover ought to leave one nothing farther to desire——that is an establish'd Maxim ; but I once more protest, that I am amazed to hear that *Mazulkim*——*Mazulhim* of whom I have heard such Wonders, such almost incredible things ; it was perhaps himself that related them to you, interrupted *Zulica*, with a malicious Smile. No, answered he, he never spoke to me concerning those Affairs, and I think him extremely modest on that Head. As for Modesty, cryed she, more scornfully than before, he knows not what it is, but perhaps, sometimes before he is aware, he may do himself Justice.

Madam,

Madam, Madam, said *Nasses*, the Reputation *Mazulhim* has among the Ladies, could not be establish'd without good Foundation; and I can never believe, that a Man of whom all the Women of *Agra* think well, can be in Reality so little worthy of their Esteem. Why do you suppose, resumed she, that a Woman displeased with *Mazulhim*, for the Insensibility I have hinted at, would declare for what Reason she was displeased? Yes certainly, answered he; she would not perhaps proclaim it to all the World, but she would confide the Secret in some one at least——is not yourself an Example?——have you not told it me?——I am not ignorant indeed that I deserve this Confidence, in the manner we are together; but *Mazulhim* has had Amours with other Women; they have been afterwards beloved by Men, to whom without doubt they have related their Adventures; there are perhaps in *Agra* above a thousand Women, who could not resist the Force of his Sollicitations, and by Consequence four thousand Men, or near the Number who must be acquainted with the Truth; and can you believe that between the Resentment of the Women, and the Jealousy of the Men, a Secret of this Nature could be conceal'd? No, Madam, I tell you again that such a
Man

Man as you would make *Mazulhim* appear, could not impose upon the World for so long a Time.

Beside,——continued he, you know *Telmisse*, and that she is neither young nor handsome, yet within these ten Days *Mazulhim* gave her such substantial Proofs, that he knew how to love, as both deserved and acquired her utmost Esteem. This I can aver for Truth; *Telmisse* was overheard to say it, to one she made her Confidant; and I don't believe there's a Woman in all *Agra*, whose good Opinion in this Point, does a Man a greater Honour, or is more difficult to obtain. Can you then after this, think contemptibly of *Mazulhim*? No, answered she, with an Air of Disdain and Spite——I think he is incomparable——'tis my Fault doubtless, that I have not found him so. For my Part, resumed he, I know not what to think, there is somewhat in it inconceivable. But added he, perhaps you won't believe me in one thing I am going to say; and that is, if I was a Woman, such a Man as you have represented *Mazulhim*, would please me above all. I believe, answered she, that I should neither value a Man more or less on that Account, but I protest I see no Reason why one should give such a one the Preference.

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O, said he, a Man in such a Situation must be all Complaisance; he would be so sensible of the Honour of being loved, that he would do every thing in his Power to deserve, and what he wanted in one thing, be always endeavouring to make up in others—he would be less your Lover than your Slave, fearful to offend, and happy when he could oblige. Eternally inventing some new Methods of Indemnification, and Love would doubtless furnish him with many. It is not a blind and wild Desire, that ought to be flattering to the Vanity of your Sex; but that Sort of Passion, which her Charms inspire, and even triumph over Nature, which is her truest Glory.

Well, replied *Zulica*, you have the oddest Notions———you have too much Delicacy, interrupted he, to make you look on this as so; and I know more Women than one that———let us quit this Conversation, cried she, stopping him in her Turn from going on. I hate to dispute on things, in which I have no Interest; but upon the whole, I think you have much less Reason than *Mazulhim*, to endeavour to persuade me to this Opinion.

She is in the right, said the Sultan, but when does she go? How impatient you are, said the Sultaneſs. It is not because I am
tired,

tired, resumed the Sultan, far from it, but tho' I am very much diverted, methinks I should like as well to hear any thing else, for my Part 'tis all one to me. What do you say, cryed the Sultanes? Why do you not understand me? replied he, I think I speak plain enough; when I say I am pleased with one thing, does that hinder me from liking another also, but I will make myself better understood——there are a thousand things that would lose by being explain'd——interrupted the Sultanes; so we'll excuse you; what would you have more? Why I would have *Amanzei* finish his Story, replied *Schab Baham*. He must then continue it, said the Sultanes; on the contrary, resumed the Sultan, in my Mind he had better end it here; but as I love to be complaisant, I'll permit him to proceed, upon Condition he does not spin it out.

Moreover, said *Zulica*, you would very much oblige me, if you never more mentioned *Mazulbim* before me. Most willingly, Madam, replied *Nasses*, it is a Mark of having those Spirits exhausted, you speak of to dwell on a Conversation altogether unprofitable; and for which I shall never forgive myself since it has displeased you, tho' my Tendernefs for you, and the Desire of knowing, why you believed I loved you better

better than *Mazulhim* had done, were the sole Motives that made me guilty. The more I prize your Kindness, the less you ought to blame a Curiosity which had I not loved you as I do, had been a Stranger to me ——— No, replied she, in a melancholly Tone, methinks for some Minutes past, you seem to love me less than you did; I can't give any Reason for so cruel a Supposition, yet I have not Power to banish it, and it pierces me to the Soul.

How much do these kind Inquietudes enchant me! cried *Naffes*, as they are without Foundation, they could not arise but in a Heart, equally tender and delicate; you do me Injustice indeed, but that very Injustice proves how much you love me, and by Consequence renders you still dearer to me; but charming *Zulica*, continued he, re-assure yourself, Heaven! what an Extasy to dissipate your Fears———*Zulica*!———amiable *Zulica*———O that for the Happiness of us both, that Raptures such as I now feel might be eternal! in speaking these Words he took her in his Arms, and almost stifled her with Kisses. Ah why! cried she, do you thus transport me beyond myself!——the Force of your Passion reaches to my Heart———I am all dissolved, all melted with Excess of Pleasure———'tis

too much to bear——Ah, *Nasses* ! you alone——yes, you alone !——but *Nasses* ! Ah cruel——

Tho' *Zulica* did not give over speaking, it was impossible to understand what more she said. What, she spoke too low, did she ? cryed the Sultan. Yes, may it please your Majesty, replied *Amanzei*. Nay, resumed the Sultan, you did not lose much by not hearing her, for I am mistaken, if there was any common Sense in what she said, at least for my Part I comprehended nothing. I am of your Majesty's Opinion, answered *Amanzei*, nothing could be less clear ; however whether *Nasses* did not understand her, or in that Moment, he had no more Wit than herself, I know not, but he spoke much the same things ; did not I tell you, resum'd the Sultan, these People have not common Sense.

When they were a little recovered from their mutual Infatuation, pursued *Amanzei*, Ah *Nasses*, cryed *Zulica*, how charming you are !——Ah why did I not love you sooner ? It is I, replied he, who have the most Reason to regret that ; every happy Moment I enjoy with you, reminds me that I did not begin to live, till you begun to love me——Ah *Zulica*, your Kindness ravishes me, but when I consider the Charms, to which *Ma-*
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zulhim has shut his Eyes, I am touched with Compassion———this Place, rendered so dear to me, by the Favours you have conferr'd, is odious when I reflect it is that in which you conferred the same on him———The ungrateful Man, he should have blush'd at the Remembrance he had ever loved before, and have renounced for ever his Inconstancy———what Genii! what God, after having rendered him insensible to your Beauties, inspired him with the Thought of chusing me to acquaint you with his Perfidy———Ah *Zulica*! how terrible a Misfortune would it have been to me if you had been faithful! or if any other than I had———

Hold! cried *Zulica*, interrupting him with an imperious Air, if I had been faithful?———I never loved any but him, and in the Attempt to banish him from my Heart, *Naffes* alone could have succeeded.

I believe, said *Naffes*, that since you have made choice of me, you in reality like no other better; but when I think on the Condition in which I found you here, and what a Price any rash Adventurer that *Mazulhim* might have sent to you, might have, perhaps, exacted for his Silence on this Occasion, I cannot help being extremely disturb'd.

You have little Cause, reply'd she, whatever he had demanded would have been indifferent to me: I should have agreed to nothing. You cannot answer for yourself, returned he; Women sometimes are in terrible Situations, and yours, perhaps, was one of the most shocking that could be. I confess it, said *Zulica*; but I would have you believe, that it is a thousand times less cruel to a Woman of Honour and Delicacy, to be abandon'd by a Man she loves, than to yield herself to the Embraces of a Man she has no Affection for. That is not to be doubted, answer'd he; but there is something so shameful in being found in a Place such as this, that if I were a Woman, and surpriz'd in this Manner, I know not what I should do; but I imagine that I should be glad at any rate, to purchase the Silence of the Man who had made this Discovery. Ridiculous! said *Zulica*; sure you must be out of your Senses to talk at this rate! Do you suppose there would be Occasion to grant any thing to a Man of Gallantry, or Honour, to oblige him not to speak of such an Affair? And as for any other, he would not dare to make any Proposals of the kind you mention, to a Woman of a certain Way of Behaviour. O yes, Madam, answer'd he, any Woman of what Quality, or Character soever, if found

found in the Manner you were, discovers a Sensibility of the Pleasures of Love, sufficient to embolden Hope in the Man who is in Possession of her Secret.

You are mistaken, said *Zulica*, 'tis Liking alone, the extremest Liking, that can seduce a Woman of Virtue; and I believe, whatever you can say, that there are very few who would purchase a Man's Discretion at so dear a Rate—How, interrupted *Nafes*, do you think a Woman would not rather sacrifice her Honour than her Reputation? I would not, reply'd she, and I know no Exigence, how terrible soever, that would oblige me to give my Person, where I could not give my Heart. A Man must have an extreme Delicacy, said he, that makes this Distinction, and stops till the slow Result of Inclination shall yield to the Gratification of his Wishes; for my part, I think the surest Way to gain the Soul is, by taking care to please the Body; and it often happens, that the Passion ends there.

I begin to understand you, answered she, you would have me believe, that you impute the Favours I have granted you to the Situation in which you found me; and would rather derogate from your own Merit, than not think meanly of me. Is this, alas! the

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Happiness with which I flatter'd myself, added she; Ah, *Nasses*, *Nasses*! could I, ought I to have expected so ungenerous a Construction on my Behaviour with you? But, *Zulica*, answered he, do you think I have forgot the cruel Resistance you made, and how much it cost me to obtain even the slightest Favours from you? Ah! cry'd she sobbing, do you think I can take this as any other than a Reproach for my having not long enough resisted? ——— Alas! sway'd by the Impulse of my Tenderness, and beguiled by my Opinion of your Honour, I resign'd myself, without ever imagining you would one Day look on my too easy Compliance as a Crime. What Chimera is this? demanded *Nasses*, approaching her. Can you believe I shall ever reproach you with an Action which has made me the happiest of Mankind? He concluded these Words with all the Testimonies in his power of the truth of what he said. Leave me, said she, pushing him gently from her, leave me, and if it be possible forget I have ever loved you.

The Repulses *Zulica* gave him were so tender, that had his Pressures been less vehement, they would easily have got the better; you repent having loved me, said he, you would break off with a Man who lives but

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to adore you —— a Man who would fix his eternal Happiness in these dear Arms — to these Words, he added every thing that could render them persuasive. No, reply'd *Zulica*, in a Voice that had nothing of Indignation in it, No, charming Traitor, dear as you are, you shall not deceive me any more.

—— Heavens ! pursued she, in Accents softning still more in every Syllable, are you not the most unjust, and most cruel Man in the World !— Ah ! let me alone— no, you shall not conquer me again—I will never forgive you —— Oh ! how I hate you ——

Nasses made no Reply ; but I easily perceived that all the Protestations *Zulica* made had little Effect on him ; and she, all on a sudden, ceasing, seem'd not to wish he should believe himself less loved. After some moments, I don't know whether I flatter myself or not, cry'd *Nasses*, but I swear I can't think you hate me so much as you say you do. You take this for a Victory then, answered she, shrugging up her Shoulders, —— How vain you are —— is it my Fault if you —— but for all that, I hate you still —— Don't laugh, added she, perceiving he could not forbear, nothing can be more true than what I tell you. I have too good an Opinion of you to believe it, said he, and

and I do, and will assure myself, that you love me as much as you can love any thing. Then I must tell you, answered she, that if I love you at all, I love you as much as there is a Possibility of Loving; for I assure you, my Heart is not form'd for moderate Desires. I believe it, said *Nasses*; and 'tis therefore that I am so certain of my Happiness. The greater the Delicacy, the more lively are the Passions; and now I think on't, a Woman is very unfortunate to be of your Temper; for I dare affirm, that such is the Depravation of the times we live in, that the more a Woman is deserving of Esteem, the more ridiculous she appears in the Eyes of the World; nor is it only from her own Sex she meets with this Injustice, the very Man in whose Favour she condescends to run such Risques, treats her with the same, and has the more Opportunity to do it as he knows her better; and consequently is the more believ'd in the Reports he gives of her. That is but too true, answer'd *Zulica* with a Sigh.

If we look into the World, continu'd he, what is the Object of our Pursuits with your Sex? Love? No; it is the Gratification of our own Vanity. We pass from one Beauty to another, meerly to deceive them; and have the Pleasure of reporting the Weakness we have found in them. We make as many

Conquests as we can, tho' even of those least worthy the Trouble of attacking; and are better satisfy'd to boast of a Number we have subdued, than to possess one worthy of engaging us——we are to this End perpetually swearing Love, but never feeling it——You are in the right, interrupted she; but in Effect the Women, generally speaking, are too blame for the Faults you are guilty of on this Score. You would treat us with less Contempt, if we could all of us, think and behave in a Manner deserving of Respect. I am sorry to say so, reply'd he; but indeed it is certain they are apt to fall into a little mean Affectation——a little! cry'd she; rather say a great deal——they are vain, wanton, silly, incapable of knowing their own Minds, and always pretending to be the Reverse of what they really are. There are, however, some Women of true Sense, who are generous and sincere, but the Number is but small. I don't speak of those who make Sale of their Favours, continued she; for I believe you will own you find in them more to pity than to blame; but I think it strange, that when a Woman is only led by Love to make a false Step, that the Passion to which 'tis owing, should not be an Excuse, especially with her own Sex. There are few Women so impartial

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as you are, said *Naffes*. To what Purpose should one dissemble Things so well known, resum'd she? For my Part I must tell you, I would have all Women of Discretion, and Delicacy, treated with the utmost Respect, even tho' they should happen to be once or twice overcome by a Passion, which the Wisest have found irresistible; and on the other Hand I think those, whose Conduct is irregular, and whose Principles are dissolute, cannot be used with too much Scorn, more detested and more avoided. All *Weakness* is excusable; but *Vice* should always be discountenanced and condemned.

It is condemned in the main, reply'd *Naffes*, tho' it is often tollerated. Vice does not appear what it is in an amiable Object, and one of the greatest Charms Women now a-days have, is a certain Boldness in their Air, which gives their Admirers the Liberty of believing it will be no Difficulty to engage them.

I am not ignorant, indeed, said she, that those are the Conquests you are most desirous of pursuing——You aim not at the Heart; and as you feel no Passion yourselves, are indifferent as to inspiring it; and provided you can triumph over the Person, the rest seems to you altogether needless.

A Moment's Truce, good *Amanzei*, said the Sultan; Pray when is *Zulica* to find she is despis'd? Oh the admirable Question! cry'd the Sultaneſs. What I ſay, reply'd he, is not out of any Malice to her; but it is a Question which I don't think I am in the wrong to ask: I am tired to Death, and yet I am to blame to ſpeak! very pleaſant indeed!——Here *Amanzei* pretends to tell a Story, and gives me nothing but a long Detail of Converſations, which have not one Word in them to make me laugh but when the People hold their Tongues; and yet it is I that am in the Wrong! In a word, *Amanzei*, and one Word is as good as a thouſand, if To-morrow *Naffes* does not deſpiſe *Zulica*——I ſay no more, but you know who you will diſoblige.



C H A P. XVII.

*Will teach Female-Novices (if there are any)
to evade perplexing Questions.*

YOUR Majesty, ſaid *Amanzei* the next Day, doubtleſs remembers——
Yes, yes, reply'd the Sultan haſtily, I do
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remember that I was quite wearied out with your long Speeches: Is it that you ask me? If the Tale becomes tiresome, said the Sultaness, he ought to put an End to it. No, if you please, resum'd the Sultan; I will have him continue, but I will not have him tire me; that is, do you understand me, if he can help it; for I don't desire Impossibilities. *Amanzei* having receiv'd this Permission, prosecuted his Narrative in this Manner.

I fear, continued *Zulica*, that even you have too little Delicacy in this Point. You wrong me, answered he coldly; I am naturally very susceptible of Love, tho' I confess I have enjoy'd many Women for whom I had not the least Affection. O, how vile a Thing is that, cry'd *Zulica*, I wonder how you can boast of it! I do not make a Boast of it, reply'd he; I only tell you the plain Truth. I believe, said she, you have deceived many Women in your time. I have quitted some indeed, but not deceived them, resum'd he; they exacted from me no Promises of Constancy, consequently there was no Necessity for my making any; and you know when People take one another without making any Conditions, neither Side has reason to complain.

Well, you'll excuse me, said *Zulica*; but I have all the Curiosity in the World to know
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how you have pass'd your time with regard to our Sex. To give you the History, answer'd he, with all its Circumstances, would take up too much Time; I can satisfy you however without running the Risque of wearying you, if I suppress those Particulars which in effect have nothing in them diverting or interesting. Know then, Madam, continued he, it is ten Years since I have look'd upon myself as a Man, being now twenty-five, and you make the three and thirtieth Beauty I have had the good Fortune to find sensible to my Desires. Thirty-three! cry'd *Zulica*. It is certain I have enjoy'd no more, reply'd he, but you must not be surpriz'd at the Smallness of the Number; I was never a Man of Intrigue.

Ah, *Naffes*! said she; how ought I to regret the Love I have for you! And how little can I depend upon your Constancy! Why so? answer'd he; must I love you the less for having possess'd thirty-two before I had the Honour of your Affection? Yes, resumed she; the less you had lov'd, the greater would your Stock of Love be at present. I believe, reply'd he, that you have experienc'd *my Spirits are not exhausted* at least; and as for the rest, to speak freely to you, there are very few of those Affairs one has with your Sex, where the Heart is any way

way concern'd.——Convenience, Idleness, and Opportunity, are the Source of most of them. I tell a Lady that I am charm'd with her without believing what I say, she is grateful——Neither of us wait till Love makes any Progress in our Hearts; and we quit each other for fear of growing tiresome. Indeed we are sometimes deceived in ourselves, and imagine we have the most sincere Passion, when in effect what we think Love, is only Desire; a sudden Emotion of the Senses, which in Enjoyment, is extinguished; tho' for the time it affords no less Pleasures than if it were Love itself.

I believe, said *Zulica*, very seriously, that you never have truly loved. O pardon me, reply'd he; I have twice lov'd with all the Violence imaginable; and I am now assur'd by what I feel for you, that if the Passion has not been since awaken'd in me, it was not because it was incapable of being so, but because I did not meet an Object whose Charms had Force enough to do it. But pray, continu'd he, since you are for interrogating me, give me leave to ask you in my Turn, how often you have been sensible of the tender Flame. Yes, reply'd she; and I would answer you with yet more Readiness, if there were any Grounds for your Curiosity; and you did not already

know, that *Mazulhim* and yourself are the only Persons who ever made me sensible what it was to love.

If we knew one another less, said *Naffes*, this kind of Discourse would be natural enough : Nothing could appear more impossible than to have disguised to me the Motive of your coming here, yet you endeavoured to do it; nor did I so much wonder at it then : But now when the most perfect Confidence ought to be establish'd between us, and when I have concealed nothing from you on my Part, it seems strange that you should scruple to make me the Repository of your Secrets. It might, indeed, reply'd *Zalica*, had I any thing in reserve; but I swear to you, that I have nothing to reproach myself with on that Score; and I am even astonish'd when I reflect on the little Time of our Acquaintance, and the perfect Confidence I have in you——Yes, *Naffes*, were I conscious of the least Particular that yet remained a Secret to you, I would disclose it without Hesitation, and think it no less safe in your Breast than in my own.

O, I am charm'd with your Complaisance, Madam, said *Naffes*, with an Air full of Derision and Resentment; I thought, however, that after the Freedom with which I

had

had treated you, I might have expected more Sincerity.

In speaking these Words he was about to rise, but she hung fondly on him, and prevented his Removing; what means this Fancy, *Nasses*? cry'd she, tenderly.——

How happens it, that some Minutes past you made it a Crime to doubt the Truth of any Thing I said, and now you seem to disbelieve whatever I aver? If I must tell you, Madam, answered he, I then gave no more Credit to you, than I now do; but taken up with a Design more pleasing to me, I thought it more my Interest to endeavour to persuade you, than to enter into a Disquisition of what I knew could not be pleasing to you; and which also at that Time I had no Right to make.

But, *Nasses*, my dear *Nasses*, insisted she, I protest by all that's sacred, there remains nothing more for you to be inform'd of. That is impossible, Madam, answer'd he, with a Voice which had nothing in it of Softness; it is now more than fifteen Years since you were arrived at an Age to be address'd by our Sex; and who can believe that a Lady, who in such a Length of Time must have received numerous Attacks, should never once be brought under Capitulation?

——Bless me! to have but two Lovers,

and those in three Days, after having lived so long insensible, is a Paradox that will never gain Credit with the World——Your Taste for Gallantry must sure have come upon you very late.

There is nothing so new in that as to excite Astonishment, said *Zulica*, I am much mistaken if there are not other Women, who as well as myself, have retained an Indifference for Mankind as great a Space of Time, and yet at length have met an Object capable of inspiring them with a Tenderness, which before they had no Idea of. I have certainly nothing to confess to you on this Head; but if I had, I know not if the Fear of losing your Esteem would not keep me from revealing it. Contempt is generally the Consequence of such a Confidence; and tho' to have loved *before*, is no Injustice to the Person we love at *present*; yet the Knowledge we have done so, is a Pique to his Vanity; and he cannot forgive the Woman who has found any Man worthy to make an Impression on her, till she had the good Fortune to see himself.

How chimerical a Notion is this, cry'd *Nasses*, at least to me it appears so. I assure you, Madam, that as to my own Part, a free Confession of your past Amours would be so far from lessening my Affection, that it would give me a new Proof of yours, and
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perhaps the most convincing of any, because of the Violence you must necessarily do yourself, in obliging me ——— you own that *Mazulhim* has been dear to you ——— am I astonished at it? or do I esteem you the less? why then should the Knowledge that you had several Lovers before him, be any more disagreeable to me? ——— is it my Province to concern myself with those who have preceded me? ——— is it your Fault, if Fate brought us not sooner acquainted? No, *Zulica*, no, I am not of their Opinion, who think if a Woman has once loved with Ardour, she never can entertain a second Passion, equal to the first; on the contrary, I am persuaded that a Heart becomes the more attached to Love, the more it is accustomed to it, and the last Man is always preferable to them that went before.

According to this Principle, replied she, you would take no Pride in knowing yourself the first Man, that triumphed over a Virgin Heart. No, said he, not the least; and I will tell you my Reasons for it, tho' perhaps you may think them pretty particular.

At that tender Age, before a Woman has known the Joys of Love, if she wishes to be vanquished, it is rather the Impulse of Curiosity than Desire; and when she tells a
Man

Man she loves him, it is more because she finds such a Confession pleases him, than that she truly feels the Passion. Nay, I will go farther, she is on this Article liable to be deceived herself, and unexperienced, takes every little Emotion of Nature for a prodigious Tenderness, to the first agreeable Object that presents himself, and never knows she has been mistaken, 'till she feels in good earnest that Delicacy, that pain-mixt Transport, which a real Love inspires.

Perhaps too, said *Zulica*, she exaggerates those Emotions you speak of, but whether a Passion in so young a Creature be real or imaginary, it gives however the same Pleasure to the Man who is the Object of it; and with what Disadvantages soever, you describe the first Impression, believe that dear as you are to me, you would be a thousand times, if possible, more so, had you never been devoted to any other than myself.

You would lose more by it than you think, replied *Nasses*, I am at present a thousand times more capable of distinguishing your Merit, than I was at the time you wish to have been loved by me.——I had then no Notion of true Passion, always roving, never loving, my Heart was untouched even in those Moments, that my Senses were transported; they, however, believed I loved,
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and I even believed so myself; every Woman that I by Turns possessed, applauded the Force of her own Charms, in the Effect she imagined they had on me: I was gay, pleased, and vain on the fancied Sensibility of my Heart, and I did not think it was in Nature, for a Man to give or receive the Pleasures of Love in more Perfection. I was incessantly at the Feet of her, who happen'd to be the reigning Mistress of my Affections, that is of my Taste, always languishing, never satiated ——— a Glance from a fine Eye, shot Fire thro' all my Veins ——— my Imagination heightened the Idea of every Charm and ——— Ah *Nasses! Nasses!* cryed *Zulica*, say no more, ——— how amiable were you at that time ——— you cannot love now as you did then.

Infinitely more, replied he, at that time I did not love at all; carried away by the Fire of Youth, and the Height of my Spirits it was to them, and not to Love I owed those Emotions, which indeed were like Love, tho' in Reality not so, as I have since been convinced of by experiencing the Difference ———

Ah! interrupted she, it is impossible but you must have found yourself less happy by being undeceived; Fear of offending, Diffi-
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dence of pleasing, Jealousy, a thousand Furies of the Mind, which then were only imaginary, now really prey on your Vitals, and embitter all your Pleasures. I mean this if you truly love, if not, still you are the Loser, your Wit is improved, but your Sensibility is impair'd, you reason better on the Passion, but you feel it less.

This Argument, if of any Weight, said *Nasses*, is more against yourself than me; for supposing *Mazulhim* to have been your first Lover, cannot you be as happy in your Love for me, as you were in that you felt for him?——I am not at all surprized you return always to that Theme, cryed she, those things I would wish to forget, are to you a Pleasure to remember; but let us leave it. No, replied he, we must not leave it, till you have satisfied me better.

You know not what you would be at, said she, peevishly, but in the Fashion you have lived, 'tis not to be wondered at that you think ill of Women. No, answered he, it is the manner in which the Women live, that gives me Cause not to think well of them. You will tell me perhaps that I do them Injustice: No, I protest, resumed she disdainfully, I shall not give my self the Trouble. I understand you, cryed he, you think it would be in vain; but, continued he, will you

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you then absolutely refuse to tell me whom you have loved ?

What ! is that still in your Head ? cried she, if you love me, can you doubt the Truth of what I say ? indeed *Zulica*, answered he, you may think as you please, but this way of talking is ridiculous to the last Degree.

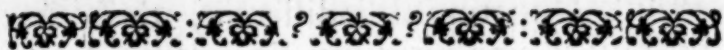
Zulica, who, as your Majesty may perceive, said *Amanzei*, had been all this while labouring to turn the Conversation—— she did well, interrupted the Sultan, but you would have done still better, if you had brought them together again, as they have been, and spared all these Dissertations, which only puzzle the Cause ; indeed you must own you are no better than a Babler, and love to hear yourself speak——how do you think one can be entertain'd with these perfidious People ? In a Word, I will have you finish your History.

Zulica, continued *Amanzei*, endeavoured for a long time to evade complying with the Desires of *Naffes*, but at length finding it impossible to put him off without making an entire Breach with him, she seemed yielding to his Reasons, having first exacted a Promise from him, not to esteem her the less for what she was going to reveal. The more I have refused satisfying your Curiosity, said she,
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the less Reason I have now to consent to it; and you will think yourself less obliged by the Confession, I am about to make, than the contrary by my having so long retarded it; but *Nasses* you cannot be ignorant, that it is infinitely more easy to inspire a Woman with a new Passion, than it is to bring her to a Recital of her former ones; but however my Sex in general may dissemble their past Amours, I assure you my Silence has not been occasioned by any such Motive, but I think it impossible to recall the Remembrance of one's Weakness, without feeling the most poignant Remorse for having been guilty of it, or a kind of Horror for the ungenerous Behaviour of an unworthy Lover. Very true, said *Nasses*, a Woman of your Delicacy has many Scruples.

Mighty well, cryed the Sultan, but for the Pleasure I take in hearing you, I desire you will defer till to-morrow, the Continuance (for I dare not say the End) of this strange Conversation.

C H A P.



C H A P. XVIII.

Full of Allusions difficult to find out.

K NOW then, said *Zulica*, that when I first began to make a publick Appearance in the World, without being handsomer than others of my Age, I had more Lovers than I desired, gay and vain as I then was; by those I call Lovers, I mean that Crowd of idle Saunterers, who flock after every new Face, and pretend a Passion meerly because it is the Custom to do so, and who one listens to only for the same Reason. They prevail however more easily on us to believe ourselves handsome, than on themselves to find us so, but tho' they flattered my Pride, they were far from making an Impression on me. Born with an uncommon Delicacy, I trembled at the Thoughts of Love, as I perceived it almost impossible to find a Heart tender and faithful as my own; tho' I had little Knowledge of the World, it was yet sufficient to convince me, that the greatest Misfortune, that could happen to a Woman of true Modesty and Discretion, was to be possessed of a violent Passion,

Passion, how successful soever it might be. While I continued indifferent, these Considerations employed my Thoughts; but the fatal Time at last arrived, which taught me that they had only Power over me, because my Heart was untouched, and that the Tranquility which I had so much applauded in myself, was less the Work of Reason, than the Effect of Chance. One Moment alas! one single Moment destroyed all the Reflections I had been capable of making, and changed my former Peace of Mind into Confusion, which was the more violent as it rush'd all at once upon me. To see! to love! nay even to adore! to feel the softest Wishes, and the most cruel Emotions; to exult with Hope, and to plunge into Despair, was all the Work of one Glance. Astonish'd at the Alteration I found in myself, and fill'd with Desires which till then had been wholly unknown to me, I wished, yet feared to enquire into the Cause———Absorbed in Tendernefs, a ravishing Languor overwhelmed all my Senses, and would not suffer me to call Reason to my Aid, for the Suppression of that sweet Disorder, which, inexplicable as it then was to me, gave me a Delight impossible to be expressed by those that feel it, much more by those who feel it not.

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But when I discovered that I loved, what dreadful Conflicts did my poor Heart sustain, by the Struggles I made to banish the fatal Passion, which, alas, had already gained but too much Empire over me. I opposed to it all the Lessons of Duty, Virtue, Reputation, but in vain; my Sighs, my Tears, my Fears were alike fruitless, or to speak justly, rather augmented the Power of the sweet Tyrant they combated with, than any way diminished it. Ah, *Naffes*! to compleat my Overthrow, I found by the Assiduities of him I adored, that I was beloved ——— with what Transports was I then filled! ——— How did my Soul dissolve, when he declared his Passion, and how much did it cost me to conceal mine!

How happy were you *Naffes*, who by the Privilege of your Sex, were allowed to discover the first Emotions of your Flame, to the Object that occasioned them! You knew not the Agonies of that Dissimulation, so necessary for Women, if they would preserve the Esteem of him they love, and so terrible for a tender Heart to sustain. Whenever my Lover sigh'd, I sigh'd that I could do no more for him; whenever his Eyes were fix'd upon me, the Tears were ready to start from mine, that I durst not return the Kindness of his Glances! and when he offered to approach me,

me, how did I curse that severe Modesty, which forced me to withdraw from him! but *Naffes*, when he declared his Passion, what an Extacy rushed over my Soul——an Extacy which indeed you Men cannot be sensible of, because we tell you not we love, till we have made you wait a long time, somewhat too long perhaps for a Confession; which at last, rather seems extorted by your Assiduities, than bestowed by our free Will. But when we see a Lover, a Lover who we adore, yet who knows not his Happiness, fall at our Feet, Fear, Love and Respect painted in his Face, trembling between the fiercer Emotions of his Passion, and the Diffidence of its being received, wanting even the Power of declaring the Sentiments he is inspired with, in broken Sentences, and half form'd Accents endeavouring to pour out his whole Soul before us, Ah *Naffes*, what a Pleasure! to be equall'd sure by nothing to which Words can give a Name, and nothing but the most lively, and tender Imagination be able to conceive!

Vanity of itself, said *Naffes*, is sufficient to render such a Scene agreeable to a Person of the Age you then were, how much more so then must it be, to one equally inflamed as you were; but in fine, he avowed his Pas-

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sion I perceive, what Answer did you make?

Judge my Perplexity, replied she, divided between my Love and Virtue! if the latter did not wholly gain the Victory, it served at least to hinder the other, from shewing itself as it would have done; but, alas! not to that Point I endeavoured, while I listened to him, the Agitation I was in, betrayed the Secret of my Heart, and when I thought to answer with Indifference, my Eyes and Tongue in Spite of me, assured him that my Tenderneſs was not inferior to his own.

That is a very common Misfortune, said *Naffes* coldly; and, well, who was this happy dangerous Man, whom, in spite of your natural Haughtyness, to see and to love, were the same thing? Of what Importance is his Name, cried she, have I not told you all you wanted to know? Not yet, replied he, and you yourself must own the Confidence you flatter me with is not compleat. Well, said she, it was the *Raja Amagi*.

Amagi! cried he, when did your Acquaintance with him commence? He is the most intimate Friend I have, we conceal nothing from each other, and I am well assured, he never truly loved any Woman but *Ganzade*. *Amagi*! repeated he, you could
not

not deceive yourself, so far as to think he loved you!

Was ever such a Supposition! cryed *Zulica* in her turn, your making a doubt of it seems very particular indeed! Not at all, replied *Nasses*, I shall make no Secret of the Reasons I have for it. *Amagi* has told me, that in Spite of his extreme Tenderness for *Canzade*, and the little Inclination he had to wrong her, he had sometimes been drawn in to amuse himself with others; but then they were such as had no Plea to engage a serious Affection, but bold enough perhaps, to make the first Advances; Women, who had neither Reputation nor Decency, and whose only Attraction was the Curiosity their Behaviour excited, and which in Spite of the Contempt one has for them, one cannot always resist the Gratification of. In speaking of his Infidelities to *Canzade*, he has assured me that among all the Women which he had trifled with, he never found one who deserved the least Esteem; and that he had never been weak enough to believe, as some of them pretended, that the Complaisance they shewed him was the Effect of a Passion too powerful for all other Considerations. You, Madam, added *Nasses*, cannot be among the Number of those Women, and therefore I ought not to believe *Amagi* ever had an Amour with you.

He did not tell you all, replied she, for he loved me above three Years, with all the Ardor the Passion can inspire; if he did not acquaint me with his Happiness on your Score, said *Nasses*, it was not because he would make a Secret of it, but because he happened to forget it. But did he forsake you? will you never have done questioning me? cried *Zulica*. I ask your Pardon, resumed he, but you are so little formed to be abandon'd, that you cannot wonder at my Surprise. Well I will answer for you then: He quitted you: After him, who next took up your Heart?

Alas! said she, assuming an Air of Innocence, Grief for the Loss of one so dear to me, employed more Years than I had known of Joy, and I flattered myself it was not in the Power of Man to make me run a second Risque——but *Mazulhim* appeared, and all my Resolutions vanished.

How unhappy is your Sex, cried he, and how cruelly exposed to Calumny! That is too true, indeed, replied she, but on what account do you remember it at present? on ours, said he, for I must tell you the World so unjust, as to lay a few more Adventures on your Charge than I perceive you have had: O answered she, that neither surprises or provokes me; for when a Woman seems

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not to fear Censure, the World is not so just as to imagine it is not because her actions merit none ; and they frequently give us for lovers, those very men whom we are least disposed to listen to ; but all this is nothing to me——Is it not possible to oblige you to talk of something else ?

It is not true then, said *Nasses*, that you have had all the Lovers People ascribe to you ? *Zulica* made no reply to this new Impertinence, but shrugged up her Shoulders with an Air of Astonishment and Vexation. Be not angry at what I say, continued he ; if you were less charming, I should readily believe you had diminished no Part of your History.—Well, well, cry'd she peevishly, I have had all the World——it shall be as you please. In fine, resum'd he, you shall hear what they say of you.

Your Beginnings in the tender Passion were doubtful, and the first Man that gained you is undetermined to this hour ; but it is agreed, that in your extreme Youth having an Ambition to be well accomplished, you thought the best Way to become so was, to interest in your Favour those who had the Charge of instructing you ; and to that end, your dancing and singing Masters were permitted by Turns, to teach you other Lessons than those of the Sciences they profess'd ; and

it is to this prudent Management of yours, that you attained so great a Perfection in these Qualifications.

O great God! how horrible is this! cry'd *Zulica*. You are in the right, Madam, said *Nasses* coldly; it is horrible indeed! Tho' for my Part I am far from condemning you; nay, I don't know whether I don't even esteem you the more, that in an Age when Women are ordinarily most reserved and bashful, you had so much Strength of Understanding as to throw off all the Prejudices which your Birth and Education might have given you. But to proceed, when you come first among the great World, convinced that Appearance is all, you concealed under a Shew of Indifference, your Inclination for an Intrigue. Not, say they, that you were capable of any tender Sentiments, but your Curiosity was so unbounded, that every Man you saw, excited it in you, and gave you a Desire to know him to the Bottom—— With so much Wit and Penetration as you are Mistress of, the Study of Mankind is not very difficult; and I have heard say, that him, whom to discover, cost you the most Pains, "never took you up above eight Days. It was these philosophical Researches that made a great Noise; and doubtless occasion'd malicious People to give an ill Turn

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to your good Intentions; but as there were no other Witnesses of those private Speculations, than such as whose Reports would not be believed, or at least such as you could outface; you attempted not to moderate the natural Inclination you had for knowing all you could.

Iskender was at that time the Lover of the Princess *Sakeb*. You could not rest without experiencing in yourself what were the Inducements for the Passion she so long had for him, and you succeeded so well in your Endeavours for that Purpose, that she never forgave you, and to this Day bewails his Infidelity.

Ah just Heaven! cry'd *Zulica*, quite wild with Rage, can such abominable Scandals be believed!

They also assure me, pursued he, with the same Unconcern with which he had begun, that you soon quitted *Iskender*, and took *Akebar-Mirza*, who, tho' a Prince, was not sufficient to reign solely over your Heart, and you therefore joyn'd with him the Vizir *Atamulk*, and the Emir *Noureddin*. That the Prince was for ever entertaining you with the ill State of his Health, which you knew was really more deplorable than he said; the Vizir too much taken up with the Affairs of State to give a due At-
tention

tention to your Charms, was always talking to you of his profound Policy, and the *Emir* of his Conquests, and great Actions in War; so you became disgusted with these three Persons more important than amiable; but knowing how dangerous it is to have Enemies at Court, you carefully concealed your Sentiments in regard of them, and with all the secrecy you could, threw yourself in the Arms of the young *Velid*, who, less great, less profound, less the Soldier, was more agreeable than his Rivals; and made amends by his Affiduities for the Displeasure you received from them. They say moreover, that finding *Velid* decline in his Attempts to divert you, and that it was necessary to awaken his Ardor by Jealousy, you took *Jemla* to your Arms, that *Velid* outrageous at a Rival, set Spies upon your Actions, and at last discovered the three others; and that all this Affair, which till then you had so judiciously conducted, became common Talk, and gave you the most cruel, and the most public Mortifications.

Ah! this is too much, cry'd *Zulica*, starting from her Seat, I will go—and—Hold, Madam, a Moment longer if you please, said *Nasses*, obliging her to take her Place again, I have not yet done. They are even so impudent as to say, that discouraged by

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the ill Success you had met with in those Amours, which are looked upon as decent, you began to hate Love; but retaining an Inclination for the Consequence of it, you resign'd yourself to Persons almost Strangers to you, agreeable enough to amuse your Moments, but not engage your Heart.

At the End of this Recital, *Zulica*, who I could perceive had for some time been ready to burst, vented in a Torrent of Tears some Part of the Rage it had excited in her. *Nasses* not seeming to observe her, continued thus: You must acknowledge that I have all the Inclination in the World to do you Justice, when I shall tell you, that I don't absolutely believe all that has been said on your Account. O! you are too favourable, reply'd she. Not at all, resum'd he; to know the Opinion I ought to have of you, I need only reflect on the manner in which you yielded to my Desires; but when I say I do not believe every thing, you may easily perceive that it is impossible for me not to believe some things.

Why so? cry'd she. The Stories you have been told are so highly probable, that I am surprized you should behave to me with such Regard. I only believe, said he, that——No, no, interrupted she haughtily, believe all, and let us part for ever.
Tho'

Tho' you deserved it, reply'd he, it would be an effort of which I could not be capable; judge then, if thinking you innocent, I can harbour such a thought, even tho' you are so cruel to propose it. Yes, yes, said she, you believe all you have repeated to me, and merit not that I should give myself the Trouble to undeceive you. What, are we to quarrel then? cry'd *Nasses*, the same Evening that began, puts and End to your Affection; for as to what I feel for you, added he, with a Sigh, I am very sure it will be eternal.

Yes, Sir, yes, reply'd *Zulica*, we have quarrelled, and for ever. For ever! said he, then you can part with me, with just as little Consideration as you took me?—This is indeed a thing I could not have believed. But how, Madam, does this consist with that prodigious Constancy, and that Delicacy of Sentiment, you have talk'd so much of?—Now, I see the Violence you did yourself in order to oblige me to keep your Secret.—But after all, 'tis happy for me, since you were resolved to abandon me, that you did it so soon: a longer Acquaintance with you, might, perhaps, have rendered your Inconstancy more difficult to be born. I flatter myself, however, that you will make some Reflections on this Affair;

and even tho' the liking you had for me, should be totally extinguished, you will perhaps consider, that when I mention the particular Marks of Favour you have conferred upon me, and affirm, that after having all the Reason in the World to be satisfy'd with my Behaviour, I could not engage your Constancy for so short a Space as twenty-four Hours. I say, Madam, that after the little Liberties you have permitted me, the World will very much blame such a cruel Proceeding in you. No, continued he, advancing toward her, and then taking her in his Arms, you will not be guilty of so much Injustice to the most passionate Lover in the World. Stand off! cry'd she; struggling to get loose from his Embrace, rather let me die than suffer——She then loaded him with all the Reproaches Female-Resentment could suggest. It was in vain that he now endeavoured to triumph over her, the Indignation she was possess'd of, was a much better Defence than all the severe Virtue she had pretended. He could not with all his Strength snatch from her even the most trifling Liberties, she was obstinate in her Resistance, and 'tis possible both were almost wearied, when the Noise of a Chariot stopping at the Door, put an End to the attack, and the Defence.

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My Servants, thank Heaven! are come, said she, and I shall leave you. It would be of little Service to desire you would reflect on what has past between us; for the more a Person is capable of a base Action, the less he chuses to remember it.

In finishing these Words, she went towards the Door, and was going out of the Room; but I shall acquaint your Majesty To-morrow with the Accident which oblig'd her to stay. Why To-morrow? said the Sultan; can't you tell it me to-day, if I have a mind? But as it happens I have no great Curiosity, therefore let it be To-morrow, or another Day; 'tis indifferent to me.



C H A P. XIX.

So much the better.

AFTER what had passed between Zulica and Mazulhim, your Majesty will think she had little Reason to expect him. He it was, however, who came in. She started back at sight of him; Tears succeeded her Astonishment, and she threw herself upon me with all the Marks of an un-

speakeable Disorder. He pretended not to observe the Condition to which his Presence had reduced her; and advancing towards her with a gay Air, I am come to beg your Pardon, my Charmer, said he; a Train of impertinent, troublesome, vexatious Affairs, have till this Moment detained me from your Arms——What! cry'd he, in Tears, ah, *Nasses*! this is strange!——I fear you have abused my Confidence and Friendship——What can I infer——If my *Zulica* is displeased with me, what Fury, what Desperation would equal mine!——This is an Accident unforeseen! astonishing! I know not what to think of it——For Heaven's sake, one of you unriddle the Mystery——Alas! I guess it but too well——I am the innocent Cause——You think me unfaithful——Yes, you believe it——How little do you my Heart——I return to you a thousand thousand times more inflamed, and more enchanted than ever.

The greater Tenderneſs *Mazulhim* pretended, the greater was the Confuſion of *Zulica*. All the Artifices of her Sex were now of no Service to her. *Nasses*, who took a malicious Pleaſure to ſee her thus, would not give any Answer to *Mazulhim*, becauſe he thought ſhe might take the Opportunity

portunity while he was speaking of recovering herself, but it was in vain he waited for her opening her Mouth, so they all remain'd in a profound Silence for some time. Do me the Favour, at last, said *Mazulhim* to *Nasses*, to clear up this Affair. Is it on my Account, or yours, that *Zulica* laments herself?——Perhaps, forsaking me, you now are the Object of her Affections? Not at all, said *Nasses*, since you must be told, know that it is I whom the unfaithful will no longer love——We have quarrell'd——O! perfidious! cry'd *Mazulhim*; what! after so many Vows of everlasting Constancy——I must do, Madam, the Justice to say, resum'd *Nasses*, that it was not without great Difficulty I consoled her for your Absence; and to do my Duty to the last, I go and leave you to console her for mine with more Facility if you can. Adieu, Madam, pursued he, addressing himself to *Zulica*, my Happiness has been but of a short Duration; I know, however, too well your Goodness not to hope you will one Day restore me to that, which your Prejudice has made me lose at present. In case you please to remember me, be assured I shall always be at your Devotion.

As soon as *Nasses* had left the room, *Zulica* rose hastily, and without regarding *Mazul-*

him, intended to go also. No, Madam, said he, very respectfully, I cannot suffer you to depart without hearing what I have to say in my Justification. It may be too you have some little Excuses to make me on your Part; but which Way soever Affairs have been managed, it would be indecent methinks to part without an Explanation.——What will you not speak to me? pursued he; do you not remember you have sworn an inviolable Constancy? For Heaven sake! Sir, reply'd she weeping, add not to the other Indignities you have treated me with, that of reminding me of a Passion I am convinced you never felt. What odd Creatures are Women, cry'd *Mazulhim*; a Lover always falls short with them in spite of himself.——They grieve, they resent, they accuse, and when one most deserves their Pity, or comes to them full of the most tender Transports, one finds oneself hated and abjured! Yet after all, you would be more just if you were less delicate; these over-refined Souls always find something to condemn. I am, however, obliged to your Indignation; for without that, I should perhaps have been ignorant all my Life, how much you had loved me; nay, I should not not have loved you so well. But tell me,

added

added he, approaching her with a familiar Air, are you really so very angry as you pretend?

All the Reply *Zulica* made to this Question was, a Look full of the utmost Disdain. It is easy for me to justify myself, returned he, yes, very easy, added he, seeing her shrug up her Shoulders, but I shall say nothing on that Head till I hear in what you suppose me to be blame worthy.

The very Question is a fresh Insult, said she, what have you not done to render yourself unworthy either of my Esteem or Love?

—To appoint me to come hither, and be absent at the time I expected you waiting with Impatience to receive me, was of itself, sufficient to have converted all the foolish Affection I had for you, into a just Disdain; but then to send another in your Stead, to inform him of the Weakness I had been of on your Account, and which you ought to have concealed from the whole World

—Yes, conceal it, cry'd he, interrupting her; there was much Probability indeed it should be a Secret! Do you think two Persons, such as we are, can have an Affair together without its being known? But supposing that even against your own Experience, you can have flatter'd yourself with such a Thought, permit me to ask you

in what I am too blame? How have I exposed you? Would not the Secret, if it had been one, been safer in the Breast of a Man of Quality, and my Friend, than in that of a Slave? Had I any other Person near me who I could so properly have sent? Time press'd me, I knew you were here waiting for me, I was impatient, and doubted not but you were so; and therefore employ'd a Person who I knew wanted neither Understanding, nor Manner of Behaviour, to entertain you till my Arrival. And you must confess, added he, that notwithstanding the violent Passion you have for me, that no Man in the World is better qualified than *Nasses* to please in Conversation, and who is more deserving of Esteem.

I take the Liberty moreover, to tell you, Madam, that after the Thanks you have so generously bestowed on him for coming, I am surprized you should be angry with me for sending him. This Article indeed seems to stand in need of being cleared up; but if you do not choose to do it, I am neither very curious, nor very uneasy concerning it.

What Impertinence! cry'd *Zulica*, what Foppery! Softly if you please, Madam, said *Mazulhim* briskly, these kind of Exclamations are much better stifled: There are a thousand things

things which I might cry out on in my Turn ; I therefore desire the Favour of you not to oblige me to retort——If you will do me the Honour to hear me, we will talk amicably together, and perhaps it is more your Interest than mine to be calm——Let us see a little——The unexpected Presence of *Nasses* I doubt not gave some Disquiet at first ; and I as little doubt, that when you grew more easy with him, you heaped upon him all those Favours you were so good as to design for me.

If it had hapened so, reply'd *Zulica* fiercely——It did happen, Madam, said *Mazulhim*. Well then, be it so, resumed she, with the most audacious Tone, I loved him. O ! you abuse the Word, cry'd he, you did not love him. Since you know him but little as yet, it suffices that you allow him to be a Man of extraordinary Merit.

What I know of him, answered she coldly, is, that he is insolent, vain, and ignorant of Decorum ; he has however something that is pardonable, and there are others who presume as far as he, who have perhaps more Reason to be modest.

As oblique as you would seem to cast this Piece of Satyr, said he, I see very plainly it is levelled at me, and I am willing without drawing it into Consequences, to give you

you the Consolation of hearing me confess it. I shall even carry my Respect for you much farther, and not enter into a Justification of myself, since, perhaps I could not do it without being guilty of some Unpoliteness.

How wretched is this Affectation of Indolence! cry'd she, with all the Contempt she could assume. And how ill does it become Persons such as you, to rally and turn into Ridicule those things for which they ought to blush. Mighty well, Madam, reply'd he, say what you will I shall not swerve from the Respect I owe you; nor the Manner in which I had resolv'd to behave to you; and shall be glad to set you an Example of Moderation, which, perhaps, you may be tempted hereafter to imitate. I shall leave you, cry'd she, to exercise the Moderation you boast of, as much as you think fit, for I go——No, Madam, reply'd he, taking hold of her Arm, you must not quit me yet; it is not in this Manner Persons like us should put an End to their Acquaintance. The Honour of us both requires we should come to a right Understanding, and avoid becoming the Subject of Conversations, in which perhaps you would suffer more than I. In a Word, you must hear me, *Zulica*.

Whether *Zulica* fearing the Scandal this Adventure, if known would bring upon her,
thought

thought she ought to neglect nothing, that might oblige *Mazulhim* not to expose her, or whether she had too much Contempt for him to be long angry, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, that her Rage visibly abated, and she threw herself on the *Sopha*, tho' without looking towards *Mazulhim*, who little regarding her Behaviour, resumed his Discourse in this Manner.

Well, Madam, said he, you cannot deny but you have granted the last Favour to *Nasses*, another would tell you that when a Woman engages in a new Amour, all former Engagements are broke, and on that Head, would not scruple to treat you with all the Contempt, that such an Infidelity seems to merit; but for my Part, I know too much of the World, not to see how all this happened, and far from having the worse Opinion of you, like you the better for it.

I assure you, answered she, I am far from desiring what I have done, should have any such Effect upon you. You don't know, what you desire, said he, in the present Confusion of your Mind, it is impossible for you to distinguish the real Motives of the false Step you have made; but I, more calm, easily see into the Truth. You believed me
in.

inconstant, Pride urged you to revenge, had you less loved me, you had not been unfaithful, and *Nasses* would but vainly have endeavoured to bring you to consent to his Proposals. It was therefore the Violence of your Passion, which left you neither time for Reflection, nor a free will of acting, but hurried you to Lengths, which otherwise you never would have gone. I am only astonish'd, that *Nasses* had so little Delicacy, as to take Advantage of the Situation he found you in, or could be so blind as not to see that even in his Arms, you were devoted to another, and that he owed his Happiness meerly to your Love for me.

No, no, replied she, flatter not yourself so far. *Nasses* address'd me, I approved his Flame, and yielded to my own Inclination, as much as his Entreaties. This is all the Effects of Vanity and Resentment, resumed he, I do not believe a Syllable of what you say on this Article——I know nothing less true.

Pleasant enough ! cry'd she, nothing less true——it would be something wonderful, if you should know better than myself, what passes in my own Breast.

I know so well, replied he, that I can tell you every particular by which you were seduced. *Nasses* was charmed with your
Beauty,

Beauty, and found it more his Interest, to make a Declaration of his Passion, than to say any thing in my Justification, and far from speaking in my favour he—— that is not to be doubted, interrupted she. Did not I tell you so? continued he, but how poor a Triumph has he to boast of? how little ought he to think the better of himself for having attained it! but after all, one must pardon these sort of Stratagems in some People, they stand in need of them to render themselves agreeable.

What! says she, dare you pretend to say you are innocent? certainly in all that relates to you, I am, replied he, and it is yourself alone who is unfaithful. Not guilty! cried she, where then were you? how detained from coming, when I so impatiently expected you? I left not the Emperor, answered he, till the Hour before my arrival here; —— *Zadis* who never quitted me can inform you of the Truth of what I say—— *Zadis*, Madam, added he, who was obliged to endure a good deal of smart Satire on the Occasion of his being lost to the World all yesterday.

At the Name of *Zadis*, *Zulica* was alarmed, and could not keep herself from blushing, as she looked on *Mazulhim*, who without seeming to take any Notice, of the Change
he

he had made in her Countenance, resumed his Discourse in these Words.

Tho' I shall always retain for you an extreme liking, yet you may easily see we cannot continue the Intimacies you permitted me: It is not that I cannot forgive every thing in you; but a strict Union between us, is no longer convenient for you or me: As to the rest, as we took each other more out of Fancy than Love, and our Hearts were never inflamed with a real Passion, this Separation can neither be mortifying to you, nor displeasing to me; nor ought it to hinder us from indulging an amorous Moment, if it should happen that without entering into a serious Engagement, we should at any time take a Whim of fooling a little together. I flatter myself, answered she scornfully, that in making a Proposal of this Kind, you are sensible how ridiculous it is, and dare not presume to think I would consent to it. Pardon me, said he, I believed you knew what Regard People ought to have for old Friends, besides you cannot be ignorant, that nothing is more common than to enter into new Amours, without retrenching any thing in Prejudice of the former ones; it is a Management which both Prudence and Pleasure seems to have established, and I must own,

I never once doubted if you would acquiesce in it.

Tho' the Principles and Conduct of *Zulica*, rendered her deserving of so shameful a Proposition, yet she was highly offended that *Mazulhim* should dare to imagine, she was capable of that which in Effect, she put in Practice every Day, and therefore assumed an Air of virtuous Pride, which instead of making him ashamed of what he had said, served only to make him despise her more.

If it were not so late, resumed he, I would prove to you, that in the Room of resenting my Behaviour in this Point, you ought to make me the most grateful Acknowledgments. I am not ignorant that *Zadis* passed all yesterday at your House, that he was alone with you the whole Day, and a great Part of the Night. Excited not by Jealousy, but Curiosity of knowing whether you had failed in the Promise you had made me of never seeing him again, I set Spies on you both———There was no Occasion, interrupted she, for you to give yourself that Trouble, I attempted not to conceal his being with me, and the Reasons which obliged me to receive him were such, as could only do me honour to be known. That is something singular indeed, cried he laughing. Your turn-

turning into Ridicule what I say, replied she, makes it not the less true; I had not absolutely broke with him, and it was to tell him I would never see him more, that—that you passed all the Day, and almost all the Night with him, interrupted he; well, Madam, I won't contradict you in this Article, extraordinary as it appears, for you must allow, it is a little odd for a Woman to shut herself up with a Man four and twenty Hours, for no other Purpose than to quarrel with him. But, however, tho' I believe such a thing has no Precedent, it might not be the less discreet; for my Part, I can argue in your Defence, that *Zadis* receiving from you the Confirmation of his Misfortune, was almost expiring with Grief, and that touched with the Condition you saw him reduced to, you endeavoured to give him all the Consolation in your Power, without Prejudice to the Fidelity you had sworn to me. A despairing Lover has little the Use of his Reason, and there requires many Arguments to bring him to Moderation; he will speak, and speak again, return a thousand Times to the same thing, have Recourse to different Methods of Proceeding, you must encounter his Regrets, and Tears with Compassion—his Reproaches with Resentment—all this takes up a great deal of time, and I can assure

assure you that what you employed in endeavouring to quiet the Tempest of *Zadis's* Soul, has not been thrown away; for he seemed to-day one of the gayest Men at Court. You may think this strange, but I protest 'tis true I never saw a greater Serenity, and Content in any Face, that in that of *Zadis*, so that if what you tell me be sincere, either your Commands have had a very extraordinary Force on him, or he must have had a very moderate Passion for you to be so easy, under the Disappointment of his Wishes, upon the whole, however, if the one does Honour to your Wit, the other does little to your Charms——but I will not afflict you, you are the best Judge what cause he has to be satisfied. You ought, methinks, however, to have engaged him above all things, to have put on a Shew of Discontent, at least so long as you thought there was a Necessity for deceiving me.

Zulica on this, made some Efforts to clear herself, but *Mazulhim* would not suffer her to proceed; all that you can say, Madam, cried he, is in vain——Spare yourself therefore, the Trouble of a Justification, which I neither demand of you nor will receive, and which would cost you many Untruths, without giving me any Satisfaction. Adieu, continued he, rising, it grows late,
and

and we ought to have parted before now—but stay———added he, what will you do with *Nasses*?

Zulica, seeming surprized at this question, what I ask, said he, appears to be of some Consequence to you —— he went away in Displeasure with you, and I think it was very imprudent in you to give him Cause. You would do well to see him again in my Opinion; depend upon it I advise you for the best———avoid as much as you can any Talk of this Aventure; there was no great Difficulty in guarding against him, while you hated each other, but a Man who has without loving, obtained the last Favour is dangerous, if offended———should you obstinately refuse his Visits, he may talk perhaps, and tho' certainly nothing could be so excusable, as what has happened between you, yet there are People unjust, and cruel enough, to throw the blame wholly upon you, and to make of the most common Affair that can be, a History quite particular and ridiculous. Indeed what they say, ought not in the main to give you much Disquiet; when one bears a certain Rank in the World, and has a certain Name, an Affair more or less does not touch one so nearly; but yet one would avoid making one'sself Enemies.

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Therefore I will bring him to-morrow to your House.

What, cryed *Zulica*, do you imagine that I will ever see you more. O yes, answered he, you must be prevailed upon, if by chance *Zadis* should be particular enough to disapprove our Visits, he shall be forced to quit you, or accustom himself by Degrees to see us pay you all the Assiduities you merit.

In concluding these Words, he offer'd her his Hand, and finding she would not accept it, what trifling Affectation! cryed he, taking hold of her's in Spite of her, you play the Baby to a Degree quite insupportable.

With this, they went out of the Room—did they, interrupted the Sultan? I am glad of it——this is the best Part of your History, and they return'd no more I hope? I never saw *Zulica* again, may it please your Majesty, answered *Amanzei*, but *Mazulhim* came often. And was always as you know how? said *Schah Baham*, well he was a rare Fellow——What Women had he after *Zulica*? A great many, replied the *Emir*, of no more Value than herself, and some who he deserved not to have had, and whose Destiny excited my Compassion. Things will happen so sometimes, resumed the Sultan, but continued he, turning to the Sultaness, don't you think that *Mazulhim*

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treated this *Zulica* very ill? I find her so contemptible, and so wicked a Woman, answered the Sultaneſs, that I ſhould have been glad to hear, ſhe had been yet more puniſh'd if poſſible. Now to me it ſeems, ſaid *Schah Baham*, that ſhe behaved with too much Mildneſs to him, it is not in Nature to be ſo tame. I am of a contrary Opinion, replied the Sultaneſs, a Woman ſuch as *Zulica* has no Defence againſt Contempt, and as her ill Conduct had ſubjected her to the moſt cruel Inſults, the Ignominy of her Character, and that interior Shame, with which in Spite of herſelf, ſhe muſt be continually overwhelmed, gave her not the Liberty of making any Returns to the Affronts offered her. Had ſhe been a Woman of a different Turn of Mind, I ſhould indeed have wiſhed not to have heard of her Humiliation, but it would be a Kind of Encouragement to Vice, to paint it happy and triumphant. Yes, yes, replied the Sultan, it would be ſo indeed; but let us talk no longer about it, the Argument begins to make me uneaſy, and I can't promiſe not to be very angry, if we ſpeak much more on it. Come *Amanzei*, where did you go, when you left *Mazulhim*?

C H A P.



C H A P. XX.

Amusements of the Soul.

NOTwithstanding the Pleasures I had found resumed *Amanzei*, in the little Recess of *Mazulhim*, the Interest of my Soul obliged me to quit it, and persuaded that it was not in that Place, I could ever hope to meet with the Means of my Deliverance, I went in Search of some other where I might (if there was a Possibility of such a thing) find what I had hitherto sought after with so little Success. After many Changes of Situation, where only Adventures of the Nature I had already seen, and which had nothing in them worthy of being repeated to your Majesty, I enter'd into a spacious Palace belonging to one of the greatest Lords of *Agra*. I wandered thro' all the vast Apartments, uncertain where to fix, till at last, I made Choice of a Closet, so ornamented, that Magnificence and Elegance seem'd to vye with each other, which should most attract Admiration.—Every thing in it breath'd Splendor and Voluptuousness, the lofty gilded Roof, supported by Pillars of Alabaster, in

which a thousand wanton *Cupids*, were curiously painted in as many different Attitudes——the embroidered Hangings presenting all that Nature in the most delightful Season bestows on us——the Glasses——the Pictures——the Vases of Japan, full of the most exquisite Perfumes, perpetually burning, brought before the Eyes all that the Soul can possibly conceive——In fine, this Closet might well pass for the Temple of Luxury, where all the Pleasures of the Senses took up their Habitation.

A Moment after I had placed myself, the Divinity of this sweet Recess appeared. She was Daughter of the *Omra*, to whom the Palace belonged; her Youth, her Beauty, the Delicacy of her Motions, can only be described by themselves, and were even the more touching by being impossible to be defin'd——all that Imagination can form of lovely, of exquisitely charming were comprized in her. The softest and most delicious Ideas, revell'd in her Eyes, and gave a double Grace to every Feature——not a Limb about her, but seemed actuated by Love; and whether she looked, or stepped, or lifted even a Finger, one would imagine she felt within herself, all the Force of that sweet Passion she inspired. My Soul could not contemplate this enchanting Object, without

out extraordinary Emotions, and as I was destined by my Situation, to be sometimes the Place of her Repose, I not only ceased complaining of my Fate, but even began to dread being ever obliged to enter into a new Life.

Ah *Brama*! cried I, how vast must be the Felicities thou preparest for those, whose Services are approved by thee, when thou permittest a Soul fallen under thy just Displeasure to enjoy the Sight of such a Heaven of Perfection.——Come, continued I, with Transport, come thou divinest Creature, come, and give Ease to a Soul, impatient to receive thee, and which fain would blend to all Eternity with thine, if the severe Decrees of Destiny restrain'd it not.

It seem'd as if the omnipotent *Brama*, in that Moment, lent a favourable Ear to my Prayers. The Sun being then in his utmost Exultation occasioned an excessive Heat, *Zéinis*, for that was the Name of this adorable Maid, felt the Force of it, and prepared to take Refuge in the Arms of Sleep: She drew the Curtains, and left no other Light in the Room, than such as was alike favourable, to Slumber and to Love—that pleasing Kind of Gloom which hides no Objects from the Sight, but adds to their Agreeableness, that Gloom which renders

Modesty less timid, and Passion more daring.

A thin gauze Robe ungirt, and loosely flowing, was all that concealed any Part of *Zeïnis* from my Observation ; but when she threw herself upon me, with what Raptures did I receive her, the Orders of *Brama*, in fixing my Soul in a *Sopha*, allowed me the Liberty of placing myself, in what Part of it I pleased, and I now experienced the Favour he did me.

I made Choice of that Part, whence I could best discover the Charms of my fair Burthen, the more I saw, the more I was transported——I contemplated her with all the Ardor of the most passionate Lover, and the Admiration which a Man the most indifferent could not have refused her.——Heavens ! what Rays shot from her Eyes ! how insupportably bright on her first lying down, and what a bewitching Languor by Degrees stole on them, as an Inclination to Sleep encreased, and at length closed their Lids.

I now employed myself in forming Ideas of those Beauties, which I had not as yet been able to discover, and examining with more Attention, those which at present, were exposed to my Observation ; but I had soon fresh Matter for Wonder and Admiration,

tion, tho' the lovely *Zéinis* was not all disturbed in her Sleep, yet she turned herself sometimes, and every Motion of that kind more disordered her Robe, and by Consequence displayed some new Charm——few, indeed, if any, were at last conceal'd from my eager Penetration, and my Soul quite overwhelmed with so many Objects of Delight, lost itself in Rapture——all its Faculties were for some time suspended——I had no Power to think——I only felt I loved, and without being able to foresee or dread the Consequences of so unavailing a Passion became entirely abandoned to it.

O thou most beauteous of all Beauties cried I, thou can'st not be a Mortal——Such heavenly Graces never were the Portion of Earth, nor can'st thou even be of an aerial Nature, because I well perceive thou hast a Substance ; but whatever thou art, vouchsafe I beseech thee to receive the Adoration of a faithful Soul, who never will worship aught but thee, and prefer not to mine the vile Desires of Flesh and Blood——*Zéinis* ! divine *Zéinis* ! Humanity cannot merit thee, because 'tis impossible that any can resemble thee.

Some Minutes passed over in these kind of Rhapsodies, and perhaps more would have elapsed in the same Manner, if *Zéinis* had

not moved her Head, and laid her Mouth almost close to the Cushion of the *Sopha*; my Soul was so transported at so favourable a Position, it immediately took Wing, and seated itself on the Corner of that happy Pillow, and mingled with her Breath.

O what were then my Extasies! — how did my Soul swim in a boundless Ocean of incomprehensible Delight! — how was it all dissolved and lost in the Immensity of Bliss! — but why do I attempt to give your Majesty, any Idea of what I felt, no Words are able to describe intellectual Enjoyment — we must be entirely divested of our earthly Part, and become all Spirit before we can be capable even of conceiving it.

The Soul but imperfectly displays itself thro' the Organs of the Body; a thousand Obstructions render half its Emotions imperceptible, and those that break from their Imprisonment are so much weakned, so deprived of their native Fire and Energy, that they afford us but faint Glimpses of what they really are when freed from the Incumbrances of Matter.

This is evident, by what we sometimes feel when a powerful Passion, endeavouring to force the Barriers which oppose it, spreads it self thro' all the Veins, enflames the Blood,

throbs

throbs in the Pulse, shakes our whole Frame, and vainly struggling to find Vent, throws us at length into a Languor, which while it lasts, is little different from Dissolution, and is the real Cause of that Suspension of all our Faculties, which we never fail to experience in an Excess of Pleasure.

Such is our Fate, that the Soul always unquiet in the midst of the highest Felicities, aims still at something farther, and is impatient for more than it can find; mine, seated on the Mouth of *Zéinis*, wallowing in Pleasure sought for greater still——it tryed, in vain, alas, to glide entirely into that lovely Object, retained in its Prison, by the severe Decrees of *Brama*, all its Efforts could not procure Deliverance; yet striving still, the Ardor of its Desires immediately kindled those of *Zéinis*. I no sooner perceived the Impression I had made on her, than I redoubled my Attacks——my Soul launched itself with augmented Vigour, the sweet Disorder of the charming Maid added to my Impatience and my Rapture——she sigh'd——I catch'd the flying Breath, and gave her in Exchange, all of mine that Destiny permitted——She uttered some Words, but broken and inarticulate——an amiable Blush spread itself over all her Face——her Bosom heaved——her

Arms were spread, and then on a sudden fell, and her whole Frame was motionless as Death—Certain it is, she had experienced in a Dream all those Joys, which waking Sense can know. A soft Emotion succeeded the Calm, in which she had been absorbed ——— Yes, thou lovest me ! cried she, in the most tender Accents, then sigh'd, breathed short, and said again, O canst thou doubt, if thou art loved ?

More lost in Transport even than she, I heard those charming Words, but had not Power to answer, nor was it necessary I should ; her Soul a Moment after became no less confounded than my own——it gave itself up to Extacy——again she trembled——seem'd convuls'd with Pleasure——Heavens ! how beautiful did she appear —— how infinitely did this sweet Confusion become her !

Both our Joys were at length interrupted by her awaking, and there remain'd no more of the Illusion, that had engrossed her Faculties, than that tender Languishment, to which she had abandoned herself with a Warmth, that render'd her worthy of the Pleasures she had possessed. When she opened her Eyes, where Love himself reigned, the Glances they darted, appeared still full of the Fire, that was diffused thro' her

her Veins; she had not yet lost the Impression, that my Ardors, and her own Sensibility had made on her sleeping Fancy—— O how touching was her every Look!—— What Mortal who had seen her thus, but must have died thro' Excess of Tenderness and Joy!

Zéinis! cried I, in a Rapture, amiable *Zéinis*! it is I who have made you happy—— it is to the Union of your Soul and mine, that you owe the Pleasures you have enjoyed!—— Ah, that I might always give, and you receive them as now, and never be susceptible of any other Transports, I would for ever be tender, for ever be faithful!—— Yes, lovely *Zéinis*, if it were possible for me to release my Soul from the Power of *Brama*, or that he could forget there ever was such a one existing, eternally attached to thine, for thee alone its Immortality would be a Blessing, and for thee alone, it would wish to perpetuate its Being.—— Ah, Soul! that I adore, continued I, if I once quit thee, how in the Immenstity of Nature, and the various Changes through which perhaps the inexorable *Brama* may make me pass, shall I be able to recover thee again!—— Ah, *Brama*, if thy supreme Power tears me from my charming *Zéinis*, mitigate at least my Misery,

fery, by the dear Remembrance of her Perfections——let me not lose her all!

While my Soul was speaking to *Zéinis* in this tender Manner, that beauteous Maid seem'd buried in a profound Meditation; and I began to be alarmed at the Tranquility she appeared in, after so interesting a Dream; a Dream, which but a Moment past, had afforded both of us so much Felicity. *Zéinis*, said I, is doubtless accustomed to the Pleasures she is now awaked from——they gratify her Senses, but do not appear to create any Wonder in her——she reflects, but enquires not into the Cause of those Emotions, with which she has been agitated; familiarized with all the Sweets of Love, and its most passionate Transports; I have done no more, than recall'd in her Mind, the Image of past Pleasures. A Mortal, more fortunate than I can be, has had the Power to kindle in her Heart, those latent Fires that Nature had placed there——it was his Idea, not my Ardors that set it in a Blaze——alas, the Extracies of Love are no Strangers to her——the Words she uttered in that delightful Dream too much confirm it——in the midst of all that soft Confusion she was in, her whole Care seem'd to be in testifying her Affection to a Lover, who perhaps

haps is accustomed to lose in her Embraces all his Cares and his Disquiets.——

Ah, *Zéinis*!——*Zéinis*! pursued my tortured Soul, if it be true you love another, in the Situation in which the Wrath of *Brama* has placed me, my Fate will become horrible indeed!

My jealous Spirit was agitated with these Ideas, when a soft knocking at the Door gave them an Interruption——I listened and then look'd on *Zéinis*, whose Blushes and Confusion augmented my Fears——She ran hastily to a Glass, and having adjusted the Disorders of her Dress, and rendered herself in a Condition fit to appear, call'd out to the Person at the Door to come in. Ah, cryed I, in a Transport of Grief, this is perhaps the Rival I so much dread, who is about to present himself before me——he comes to give in *Reality* those Pleasures to *Zéinis*, she is just risen from possessing in *Imagination*.——if it be so——if he is happy, how miserable am I!——or even should she be as I at first believed,—should both as yet be unacquainted with the Joys of Love, and this charming Maid be destin'd for the Means of my Deliverance, how wretched should I be, in being forced to be separated for ever from her after the Sentiments she has inspired me with.

The

The Experience, however, I had of the Disposition of the People of *Agra*, rendered the Fear of being obliged to quit *Zéinis*, of no long Continuance ; it being little probable, that at the Age of fifteen, about which she appeared to be, she had still preserved that which by being yielded up on me, could alone initiate me into another Species and dreadful as it was to be a Witness of a Rival's Bliss, and as a *Sopha* compelled to contribute to my own Perdition, I preferred even *that* to the Torment of seeing her no more.

I had scarce time for this Reflection, when the Door being opened, a young *Indian* of a most beautiful Form, and richly habited, came into the Room : the more worthy he seemed of being loved, the more he excited my Hate ; the Sight of him encreased the Discomposure of *Zéinis* ; the tenderest Passion mixed with a certain modest Fear, seemed to combat in her Eyes, while she looked on him without having Power to speak. He appeared no less confused and agitated ; but the Timidity and Respect with which he approached her, made me judge he loved her with an Excess of Fondness, yet had not yet received the Reward of his Affection. In spite of his extreme Youth, for he seemed to me not much older

than *Zéinis*, I began to flatter myself that this was not his first Flame; and that in this Adventure I should meet only with that Mortification which I found I was best able to support.

Ah, *Phéleas* ! said *Zéinis* to him with an Emotion, which she in vain laboured to conceal, wherefore come you here?——What is it you seek?——Yourself, my Angel, cry'd he, falling on his Knees, had I not reason to hope I should find you here?——Did you not promise yesterday that I should have an Opportunity of entertaining you without Witnesses? O expect not, reply'd she hastily, that I will keep my Word——Let us go, I am determined not to stay with you in this Cabinet. For what Reason, *Zéinis*, resumed he, should you deny me the Happiness of being for a few Moments alone with you?——Can you so soon repent of the first Favour you ever granted me? But, cry'd she, growing still more disconcerted, can I not hear you in another Place than this?——If you love me as you pretend, you will not persist in asking me a thing that I cannot grant without Repugnance.

Phéleas made no Answer to these Words, but seizing one of her beautiful Hands, kissed it with all the Ardor I had ever been capable

capable of expressing. *Zéinis* look'd on him with Eyes full of the most tender Languishment——The Dream in which the Pressures of her Lover had rendered her so weak, retained still some Influence over her waking Mind——The Memory of her late Transport return'd—she sigh'd—she blush'd—the soft Impulse insensibly increas'd upon her, and Desires, to which she had hitherto been a Stranger, thrill'd in her Veins—

Unexperienced as *Pbéléas* was in Woman-kind, his Passion for *Zéinis* rendered him not only attentive to all her Motions, but also enabled him to make true Conjectures on their Meaning——He saw enough to convince him he was not indifferent to her, and that now more than ever she regarded him with Pleasure. The charming Maid altogether artless, sincere by Nature, and by Custom, knew not to disguise her Thoughts, and if she did not tell *Pbéléas* all she felt in his Favour, it was only because a certain Shamefacedness restrained her——that very Shamefacedness however discovered every thing he wish'd to know, since it shewed a Consciousness of something more than she had Power to speak.

These kind of Looks may indeed be practised by Coquets, and those who would impose on their Lovers by a pretended Virtue; but

but in *Zéinis* they were the Effect of an Innocence, so perfect that it even was dangerous to her Virtue, because while she feared to yield to her Passion, she knew not in what Manner she should go about to repulse it.

Notwithstanding the Delight she could not hinder herself from taking, in seeing *Phéleas* at her Feet, she intreated him to rise; but he far from complying with her Request, press'd more closely to her, and grasped her Knees with Transports so tender, and at the same Time so violent, accompany'd with Expressions no less touching, that *Zéinis* now half resigned to the Force of his and her own Wishes, sigh'd, and cry'd to him, let us go hence I conjure you—— I must not——dare not see you thus. Ah, why? reply'd he; if I am so happy as to have made any Impression on your Heart, what have you to fear from a Lover who adores you, a Lover, who even without knowing the Meaning of his sweet Subjection, was almost from his Birth devoted to your Charms——a Lover who never has been touch'd with any other; and who wishes not to live but for you alone.——O! *Zéinis*! ——*Zéinis*!——added he, bursting into a Flood of Tears, behold! and pity the Condition to which you have reduced me!

In

In speaking these Words he fix'd his weeping Eyes upon her Face: And quite overcome by his Grief, Compassion finished in the gentle Soul of *Zéinis* what Love had begun. Ah! cruel *Phéleas*, said she, with a Voice intercepted by Sighs, have I deserved you should reproach me?—What Proofs can I give you of my Tenderneſs, if after all you have received, you ſtill can doubt it?—If you lov'd me, answer'd he, you would not forget that we are alone together, and far from endeavouring to deprive me of the Pleaſure of entertaining you, would have no other Fear, than that ſome impertinent Intruder might interrupt our Felicity. Alas! cry'd ſhe, with the utmoſt Simplicity, who told you I had any other?

At theſe Words *Phéleas* haſtily quitted the Poſture he had been in, and ran immediately to make faſt the Door; in his return he met *Zéinis*, who ſeeing what he was about, had roſe from her Seat in order to prevent him; but he took her in his Arms, and in ſpite of the Reſiſtance ſhe made, oblig'd her to ſit down upon me, where he alſo placed himſelf as near to her as poſſible.

CHAP. *the Last.*

I Know not if *Zéinis* imagin'd that when the Door was shut, it would be altogether unavailing for her to make any Resistance, or that ceasing to fear being surpriz'd, she ceased to fear at all; but when seated thus by *Phéleas*, she blush'd less at the Liberty he took, than she had done at those she apprehended he would take——Before he ask'd any thing of her, she beseech'd him in a Voice interrupted with Sighs, to demand no more of her than she ought to grant——The Air with which she spoke, and look'd, was more tender than determin'd, and neither dismay'd nor restrain'd the impatient *Phéleas*; but on the contrary, taking the Advantage his Situation gave him, he catch'd her in his Arms with an Eagerness that *Zéinis*, in beginning to perceive what she had to fear, at the same time in spite of herself partook his Transports.

All melted as she was in soft Desire, she endeavoured to disengage herself from the Arms of *Phéleas*, but it was done in such a Manner as might make him easily perceive she

she wish'd not to be released——Her Efforts were indeed so faint, that to render them ineffectual, there needed little Strength. He look'd on her some time without being able to speak, and *Zénis* finding her Tenderness encrease, and fearing she should at last be wholly overcome by it, begged him to let her go; but, alas! the very Tone in which she spoke, contradicted the Purport of her Words; and a more experienced Lover would have considered her Denial as a Grant.

But the young and unpractis'd *Phéleas* durst not interpret in that Manner, will you then never make me happy? cry'd he. Ah! reply'd she unthinkingly, you are but too much so; and before you came, have had all the Advantage of me you could wish.

The more obscure these Words seem'd to him, the more he found it necessary to desire an Explanation——He pressed her for a long Time to unfold the Mystery they contain'd, but she was now convinced she had already said too much, and held out against his Entreaties, with more Resolution than I at first expected from her. His Complaints however got the better in the End, and the Reluctance she had to speak any farther on that Subject, vanish'd by Degrees. If I should tell you, said she, with

a trembling Voice, I fear you would abuse my Confidence. He then swore to her, that he would not; but with such Transports, as instead of dispatching her Apprehensions, might have assured her he would not have the Power to keep his Promise.——Too little Mistress of herself, however, to make this Reflection, or too little skilled in Mankind to be sensible of the Effect of what she was about to reveal, she at last confest to him, that being in a Slumber, the Moment he came in, she had seen him in a Dream, and felt a Rapture which before she never had the least Notion of. Was I in your Arms? cry'd he, interrupting her, and pressing her strenuously between his. Yes, reply'd she, looking on him with Eyes swimming in Languor. Ah! then, rejoin'd he more enflamed, you loved me in *Idea* more than you do in my *real Person*. That, said she, would be impossible.——I could not love you more, but it is certain I was less ashamed to tell you so——But what more, demanded he?——O! ask me not, reply'd she, blushing——I cannot enter into Particulars; but you were more happy than I wish you should ever be, and I more frail than I hope you will attempt to make me.

Pkéléas could not retain the burning Impatience of his Desires at these Words——

They

They rous'd Ideas in him, which he must have been less, or much more than Man to withstand; and encourag'd by the Confession made him by the lovely Maid, and too sensible of all the Influence he had on her, put his Mouth close to hers, and pressed her Lips with a Warmth with she but feebly strove to escape, and seemed not greatly offended; at, which more emboldening the eager Youth, he carry'd his Temerity so far, that she thought she ought not to pardon what he did. Ah, *Phéleas*! cry'd she; Is this the Effect of all the Promises you made? and are you so little fearful of offending me.

Notwithstanding the Violence of that Passion with which he was inspired, the Air that *Zéinis* now assum'd, and the real Resentment that she testified, struck him with an Awe which would not suffer him to proceed——He thought he ought not to strive for a Victory which he could not gain without incurring the Displeasure of her he lov'd, and which by the Resistance she now made, was also become extremely doubtful; so that either thro' an Excess of Love, or Timidity, he gave over his Attempts, and withdrawing himself from her with a dejected Air, no, charming *Zéinis*, said he, how cruel soever you are, I will no more expose myself to your Anger—If I were truly dear

to you, you would not refuse making me happy. But tho' from this Moment I shall despair of ever rendering you sensible of my Affection, I shall nevertheless always love you with the same Tendernefs.

He had no fooner fpoke thefe Words than he went out of the Cabinet, without ftaying to hear what Reply *Zéinis* would make, or even turning his Eyes upon her. His Departure, and in that abrupt Fafhion, ftruck her to the Soul; and equally afraid and afhamed to call him back, ſhe burſt into a Flood of Tears——For about a Minute ſhe remain'd with her Head reclined upon me, but growing reſtleſs to know what was become of her Lover, ſhe roſe and was running to the Door to ſee if he were gone or not, when brought back by his Tendernefs ſhe met him juſt at the Entrance——She bluſh'd at ſeeing him again, and moſt cruelly agitated between her Love, and Fear, ſhe threw herſelf upon me with a deep Sigh.

——He flew to her in an Inſtant, fell at her Feet, and taking one of her Hands, bathed it with his Tears, not daring to kiſs it——Ah, riſe! cry'd ſhe; hiding her Face with her Handkerchief. No, *Zéinis*, ſaid he; here at your Feet I will attend my Doom——But you weep, continued he,
liſting

lifting up his Eyes, Heavens! is it the unhappy *Phéleas* who has caused these Tears?

The tender *Zéinis* at these Words pressed his Hand, and turned towards him Eyes, which shone thro' her Tears with all the Fires of Love, and soft Desire. He saw no less plainly than myself what her Thoughts were in that Moment; and rising from the Posture he was in, caught her again in his Arms——Heavens! cry'd he; is it possible that *Zéinis* has pardoned me——She answered with Sighs more expressive than the most emphatic Words, and *Phéleas* easily read in her every Look and Motion, what it was she would have said, if not restrained by Shame, and ask'd her no farther Questions, but endeavoured to seek on her Mouth that Consent she seem'd hitherto to have refused him.

In that Moment I heard no other Sound from either of this transported Pair, than the faint Murmurings of some half stifled Sighs——The happy *Phéleas* breathing out his Raptures on those charming Lips, where my Spirit had so lately tasted the extreme Joy.——But why do I recall so cruel a Remembrance?——*Zéinis* folded in her Lover's Arms, tender Wishes combating with the Remains of Modesty, render'd her, if possible, more adorable than ever I had

seen

seen her——Quite lost in Extacy, and Forgetfulness, either of themselves, or what further was requisite to satisfy the Demands of the Passion they were inspired with, they seemed to breathe out their whole Souls upon each others Lips, and lay entranced and motionless thro' Excess of Bliss.

All this, said the Sultan, did not give you much Pleasure: Is it not true?——What in the Name of wonder could you think of yourself to become amorous when you were without a Body?——Sure there never was so inconceivable a Folly; for in good Faith there is no knowing how far the Fancy might have carry'd you——Do you understand me?——You see I can argue with Reason sometimes.

Is was not, most mighty Emperor, reply'd *Amanzei*, till after my Passion was too well established, that I perceived the Mortifications it was to occasion me. In this Case as in many others it ordinarily happens, that the Reflections I made upon it came too late. I am heartily sorry for your Misfortune, resum'd the Sultan; for I liked very well to hear you were on the Mouth of that Maid you have been talking of; and it is a Vexation to me that you were driven from your Place.

I

While

While *Zéinis* had resisted *Phéleas*, continued *Amanzei*, I flattered myself that nothing would be able to overcome her; and when I found that she became more sensible of his Transports, I even believed that the natural Modesty and Timidity of her Youth, would have protected her from falling entirely into that Weakness which must render me miserable; but when I heard her recount the Dream she had been in, which I had hoped was wholly owing to me, and perceived by what she said, that it was to the Image of *Phéleas*, and not to my Transports, that she had been indebted for the Pleasure she had received, I must confess I saw but little Hope of escaping the Fate I so much feared. Less delicate however than I ought to have been, it was some Consolation to me that I partook in the Happiness of my Rival. Besides, whatsoever he said to *Zéinis* of his Passion, and the Assurances he gave her that he never knew another Flame, it appeared impossible to me, that at the Age of Fifteen or Sixteen Years, he should not at least have had a certain Curiosity which would have hindered my Spirit from being delivered from a Captivity which I had for so long a time regretted, but which I now preferred to the most glorious Post *Brama* could have placed me in.——All Despair

spair as I was at the Weakness of *Zéinis*, I attended the Consequence with less Grief, being persuaded that though it might triumph over her, I should not be obliged to quit her.

How much soever I repined at the tender Lethargy in which the lovely Pair were plunged, and which they but for an Instant revived from, to fall into again, I felt at the same time a kind of gloomy Satisfaction, because it retarded at least the Consummation of my Rival's Wishes; and tho' it but too well proved to what an Excess they were sensible of their mutual Happiness, I ardently pray'd to *Brama* for the Continuance of it——Fruitless Invocation! I had been alas too criminal, too unworthy of the divine Favour, for two Souls so innocent and so meriting of Felicity to be sacrificed to my Repose.

Phéleas, after having languish'd some Minutes on the Bosom of *Zéinis*, at length recovered, and agitated by new Desires, which the Unresistance she testified rendered more vehement, look'd on her with Eyes inflam'd, and almost starting from their Spheres——The charming Maid unable to behold the Fierceness of their Glances, moved her Head a little on one Side, with a Sigh expressing however more of Love than Fear——

What, cry'd he, do'st thou fly my Regards?
Ah! rather turn to me thy lovely Eyes, and
read in mine the Passion thou hast inspired
me with.

Kisses and more strenuous Embraces succeeded these Words; *Zéinis* again, but very faintly, attempted to repel his Pressures; but whether she thought she had long enough resisted, or whether she deceived herself, and yielded while she believed she resisted, is uncertain; tho' it is not so, that *Pkéléas* immediately found himself almost as much Master as he could wish.

Tho' these last Resignations dissolved and threw her into a State little different from that in which she had been in her Dream, yet on her Recovery she repented that she had given so great a Loose to Inclination; and once more, alas! for the last time, endeavour'd to free herself from the Arms of *Pkéléas*, which he perceiving, redoubled his Efforts to detain her. Ah, *Zéinis*! cruel *Zéinis*! cry'd he; in that Dream you told me of, you feared not to make me blest; why are your waking Thoughts less kind?
———*Pkéléas*, repeat it not, reply'd she; that fatal Dream has given you more than you ought ever to have expected, or much less I to have granted——and——continued

tinued she, sighing, if you should obtain yet more, it is by that——by that alone I am betrayed.

Think, great Sir, pursued *Amanzei*, how severe a Mortification I endured, in being told it was to me alone, my Rival owed his Happiness.——But, rejoin'd she, you ought methinks to be content with your Victory ; and you cannot without offending me beyond Forgiveness, prosecute it any farther——I have but too much proved my Tendernefs, and the Sensibility I have of your Affection, do not, O ! do not abuse it.

Ah *Zéinis*, cryed the impetuous *Phéleas*, if thou didst truly love me, thou wouldst less fear to tell me so ; or at least, wouldst dwell more upon the tender Theme——far from delivering thy self to me with reserve, thou wouldst abandon thyself to all my Desires——thou wouldst think even *that* were insufficient, and endeavour to excel me if possible, in Love——Come, continued he, rushing violently upon her, with a Resolution, which if Souls could die, had infallibly kill'd me with Excess of Grief, come, and compleat my Happiness.

Ah *Phéleas* ! said *Zéinis* in a trembling Voice, think thou art about to ruin me——alas, hast thou not sworn an everlasting Respect !——is it thus that thou wouldst

prove it——Believe not I well ever pardon, ever believe thee more.

Not all the Tears, Entreaties, or Menaces of *Zëinis*, could now over awe the too much embolden'd *Phéas*; tho' there was only a thin gauze Robe between them, and he had already discovered but too many of her Beauties, yet less satisfyed with contemplating those he had beheld, than burning with Desire to explore those which yet remained conceal'd, he tore off the Veil which the Modesty of *Zëinis* but feebly defended, and the whole lovely Maid was now exposed to view——Gods! what said he not in the Wildness of his Extacy;——but I must leave it to your Majesty's Imagination here, my Soul, too much overwhelmed, retained not the Memory of his incoherent Transports.

Shame, however, still combated with Love in the Heart and Eyes of *Zëinis*, the one was for refusing every thing to this dear Intruder, the other for leaving him nothing farther to ask——she durst not look upon him, yet yielded to his Carresses——she denied one thing to permit others more essential——conceal'd one of her Beauties, to lay open another——she repulsed, and at the same time invited him——She would and she would not——

was by turns ashamed of her Facility, and her Reluctance——She was angry with him, but feared to make him so with her——Prejudice, which sometimes triumphs over both Love and Nature, was sacrificed in her with such Reserve and Caution, that it seemed not to be overcome, and sure never did the tender Passion obtain a Conquest more difficult !

Wearied out at length, and all her Forces weakned with a Conflict so unequal, the charming *Zéinis* yielded to the Desires her beloved *Phéleas* had excited, and which had supported but impatiently, Pleasures which irritated without satisfying.

Unable to endure the Sight of a Felicity, which rendered me so miserable, and beginning to dread from some Emotions that discovered the little Experience of *Phéleas*, that the Completion of his Bliss, would drive my Spirit for ever from *Zéinis*, I would have quitted for a Moment the *Sopha*, and so eluded the Decree of *Brama*, not all the Torments of my jealous Rage, being half so insupportable, as the Thoughts of being obliged to lose the Sight of that adored Maid ; but, alas ! all my Efforts were vain, the same Power which commanded me to rest there, render'd me wholly unable to disobey, and I was constrain'd to wait, tho' in the utmost
Despair

Despair and Agonies, too great to be describ'd, the Decision of my Fate.

Phéleas ——— dreadful Moment, the Remembrance of which, will never be erased from my Soul, ——— *Phéleas*, this same *Phéleas*, may it please your Majesty, deaf to all but the Dictates of his Passion, and Master by the tender Compliance of *Zéinis* of all the Charms I adored, prepared himself for the Consummation of his Happiness. *Zéinis* readily yielded to his Transports, and if any new Obstacles interposed, they but retarded, not diminished their mutual Felicity. The beauteous Eyes of *Zéinis*, let fall some Tears, but when her Mouth was about to utter any Accusation, a rising Tenderness check'd the half-form'd Words, and permitted her only to breath forth gentle Sighs, that rather fan'd than check'd the Fires of Passion. *Phéleas* the Author of the Woes she seem'd to murmur at, was not more *bated* ——— *Zéinis*, of whom *Phéleas* complained, was not less tenderly *beloved*. In fine, a sudden Shriek she gave, with a Joy that I saw in the Eyes of *Phéleas*, made known to me at once my Misfortune and Deliverance; my Soul full of Love and Grief, quitted the darling *Sopha*, to receive the Orders of the invincible *Brama*, and assume new Chains.

What

What is this all ? said the Sultan, either you were a very little time a *Sopha*, or you saw but a few things while you were one. It would be very disagreeable to your Majesty, answered *Amanzei*, if I should recount every thing I was Witness of, during the time my Spirit was compell'd to make its Residue in a *Sopha* ; and it was not my Design to relate all that I had seen, but what I had seen that I thought might be entertaining to your Majesty. Tho' the things you have related, said the Sultaness, are more agreeable than those you have suppress'd, as I believe (for 'tis impossible to compare them) you will always be reproach'd for having introduced only some Characters, while all was in your Power ; and for having voluntarily confined a Subject, which of itself, is so extensive. I should have been to blame indeed, Madam, replied *Amanzei*, had all the Characters been proper to have been represented, or had they any thing remarkable in them ; or if I could have recounted all I saw, without being oblig'd to expose common Objects to your Eyes, and becoming too prolifick on a Matter, which with how great Variety soever treated on, would have been tiresome, by a continual Repetition and unavoidable Length.

Well,

Well, said the Sultan, if one was to consider very deeply on this Matter, I believe one should find he was in the right, but I had rather think he was in the wrong, than give myself the Trouble to examine in what he was so. Ah Grandmother! continued he sighing, it was not in this Manner, you told your Tales.

F I N I S.



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